MISCELLANY
POEMS.

By Tho. Heyrick, M. A. *Formerly of* Peter-*House College in* Cambridge.

Ἀνδρωπός ἐϛι Ζῶον ἐπίπονον φύσει·
Παραψυχὰς ἓν φροντίδων ἀνδρεᾶϛ
Ταύτας,----*Timocles.*

CAMBRIDGE,

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To the Right Honourable

KATHERINE Countess of *RUTLAND.*

May it Please Your Honour,

WHEN I first intended to Dedicate these *Poems* to Your Name, beside the Thoughts of their Unworthiness, I Was chiefly deterr'd by the Consideration of these Two Things, the Greatness of Your Quality and the Perspicuity of your Judgment: But then I was a little Encourag'd again, when I reflected, that the Meanest Creature was not debarr'd making Address to the Highest of Beings, but was rather commanded it; and that the Errours and Mistakes of well-meaning Men are likely to become rather the Pity, than the Scorn of Angels. Nor could I think it less, than a Natural Duty; that my humble *Muse* should offer the Best of Her Increase to that Family, to whose Bounty and Encouragement She owes all She is; since even the Gratefull *Indians* never Eat or Drink, till they have first powred out a Part as an Offering to that Bright Luminary, from whose Influence they believe, All, they receive, doth proceed.

I am very sensible and cannot but acknow-

 ledge,

ledge, that there are many Things lyable to Exception in the Enſuing *Poems*; but they may well be Pardon'd, for the Sake of the *Beginning*, which is Conſecrate to Your Name, and thereby receives a Peculiar Grace and Advantage, which cannot but diffuſe it ſelf thrô the whole Work. I confeſs even *there* what belongs to Me is full of Weakneſs; but it could be no otherwiſe, ſince in Subjects ſo Sublime, as Your Self, the moſt Towring Flights muſt of neceſſity flag, Things too High above Us not admitting a Definition; and as in Beauteous Faces there is ſomething, We cannot Name, that exceeds the Pencil's Art, ſo in Excellent Perſonages there are Vertues, of which Common Souls have no Notion; but they Soar above the Deſcription of the Loftieſt Fancy. And ſurely no One is to be blam'd for going no farther; if He goes as far as the Subject will bear: For He is not ty'd to Impoſſibilities. And doubtleſs thô Poetry is uſually ſuſpected of Flattery, yet any One, who conſiders the Charms of Your Beauty, the Sharpneſs of Your Wit, the Depth of Your Judgment, the Candour of Your Temper, and Nobility of your Birth, will acknowledge, that You are plac'd above the reach of it; that, which would be Flattery to another, not

meaſu-

meaſuring the leaſt Part of Your Perfections; ſo that, if the Boldeſt and moſt Happy *Genius* ſhould take the utmoſt bounds of Poetick Liberty in order to Praiſe Your Merit, He would find the Folly of his Attempt, and ſoon be forced with Confuſion to give over the Impoſſible Deſign. For I ſuppoſe, there is None, but will grant, that the Higheſt Encomiums in Praiſe of the *Sun* are loſt; every One having a Greater *Idea* of that Luminary than can be expreſs'd, and He is ſtill as far above their Praiſe, as their Reach. Wherefore if Princes are beſt able to deſcribe the ſecrets of Empire, Experienc'd Commanders matters of War, and Gallant Minds Heroick Vertues, I am inexcuſably to blame, who have undertaken a Province too Difficult for Me to perform, and which requires the Pen of ſomething more than a Man; which Crime I yet humbly beg Your Honour to forgive; ſince thô there may ly a Fault in my Ignorance and Raſhneſs, yet, I am ſure, there is none in the Deſign; ſince there is no One hath a Greater Zeal for the Glory of Your Honourable Family, than He, who is (MADAM)

Your moſt Humble
and Obliged Servant.

T. HETRICK.

THE PREFACE To the READER.

I AM *ſufficiently ſenſible under what Diſadvantages theſe* Poems *come out, in which there is nothing either* Profane, Obſcene, *or* Seditious *to recommend them, the uſual Embelliſhments of Things of this Nature; in reference to which commonly the worſe they are, the better they are accepted. Yet this I Studiouſly avoided, ſuch Decorations neither agreeing with my Temper, nor Profeſſion, and leaſt of all with the Vertuous Character of that Illuſtrious Perſon, to whom they are Dedicated. Neither indeed was I willing to gratifie the profaneneſs of the* Atheiſt, *nor the ill-Nature of the Seditious, who love to feed their Eyes, as the Ancient* Romans *did on Bleeding* Gladiators : *Nor did I think it worth my while* to feed Swine. *There are certainly Subjects of Indifferency enow to employ a Man's leiſure Hours, without medling with* Thunderbolts, *or* Gibbets, *or Diſeaſes; and it requires no*

Great

Great Capacity to chooſe which is Beſt, either to live at Quiet and Peace, or have the Fate of an Ovid *or a* Cicero.

And ſince this is an Age of Politicks and every One pretends a Right, if not in Adminiſtring, yet at leaſt in Cenſuring, the Government, I hope this may eſcape Cenſure-free, ſince it hath no Relation unto it; and if News is the thing, that is moſt acceptable, that which Men of all Eſtates gape after, and take upon Truſt without examination, This Work of Mine, which conſiſts of News too, and is (like much of that) pure Invention (for Poets *are not ty'd to the Rules of* Hiſtorians*) may receive favourable Entertainment. If it hath but its Turn, I am ſatisfied, thô afterwards it be confuted, for that is the Common Fate: And yet for ought I know, this may fare better, than is expected; for 'tis a* Poetical *Time; the Common Diſcourſe and News-Letters are arrant* Romances *and Large Legends of Wandring Knights and the* Quixotes *of the Age. Men are* Poets, *thô they are not ſenſible of it, and Dote on the Ravings of their Own or Others Brains, thô they are wilder than the Centaurs, Giants, and Monſters, and all the* Chimæra's *of Antiquity. Men now adays want no* Invention *(one main Ingredient of* Poetry*) and if they do* Coherence, *'tis but imagining it* Pindarique, *and it goes off: As for* Probability, *'tis not much ſtood on in a Science, wherein every Thing goes down.*

The True Deſign of theſe Poems *was to draw Men's Minds, that are Idle, from more Dangerous, and as little profitable, Speculations: For Such, as have nothing to do, uſually do what they ſhould not, and are moſt Suſceptible of Evil-Maxims againſt* Church *and* State: *And 'tis the cuſtom of* Academies *to amuze Young Students Minds (which uſually are hot and unbyaſs'd, have much of Sharpneſs and little of Solidity) with* Philoſophy, *which thô it be confeſ-*

ſedly,

ſedly of great Uſe, yet one not the moſt Contemptible may be to bridle Young Wits from running too ſoon upon Divinity. Thoſe therefore, that are leaſt able to Judge, being the moſt apt to Cenſure (as half-witted Men are always ſuſpicious) my Deſign was to draw them to Poetry, which concerns them as much, as Politicks do, and that is Nothing at all; and to make them of the Roman Cobler's mind, who in a general Tumult upon the Death of Cæſar enquiring the News and being told, He was kill'd in the Senate-houſe, ſlunk into his Bulk again and cry'd, He was a Cobler ſtill. For why ſhould thoſe Men, who ſee not upon what Center things turn round, think the Government is beholding to them for their Ridiculous Care? If I miſs of my Deſign, I ſhall not much trouble my Self, many better Projects having come to Nothing; Things of Indifferency not being valued, but All eſteem'd Good or Bad, as it pleaſes or diſpleaſes a Faction.

To his Worthy Friend

Mr. THOMAS HEYRICK

on his Ingenious Poems.

LONG hath the Sacred, Venerable, Name
Of POET (once ſo highly rais'd by Fame)
Been, nor unjuſtly, trampled under Feet;
Their *Laurels* blaſted and their *Flowers* unſweet.
The Virgin Springs and Chaſte *Pierian* Groves
Have been profan'd by Baſe Inceſtuous Loves:
Caſtalian Streams, ſo Pure in former Times,
Were ſince Polluted with unhallowed Rhymes:
When *Villains* durſt the *Poet's* Task invade,
And Shamefull *Vice*, dreſs'd up in Maſquerade,
Did Heavenly *Wit* preſume to Perſonate:
While *Phœbus* and the *Nine* in Mourning ſate.
Then Bluſhing *Vertue* never durſt appear;
For Gaudy *Flatt'ry* her Rich Robes did wear.
Affrighted *Truth* fled the Enchanted Ground:
And *Chaſtity* could there no more be found:
Falſe Fiends and Phantomes onely danc'd around.

What Shame and Grief did then our Souls oppreſs,
To ſee the *Laureate* Tribe in ſuch Diſtreſs?
Vile *Mævius* Honour'd, *Maro* in Diſgrace;
Looſe *Sirens* ſeated in the *Muſes* Place:
Wiſe *Fancy's* Sacred Flame extinguiſh'd quite;
While *Ignis Fatuus* ſhew'd a Cheating Light?
All were Aſham'd, and All at This did Grieve! ----
But *Heyrick* only could Our Wrongs relieve.

He broke the Charm: *He* ended all the Spell:
And now th' Obſcener *Viſion's* fled to Hell.
Now Genuine *Senſe*, adorn'd with Manly Grace,
Doth ſhew to Heaven his Lov'd, Majeſtick, Face:
Now *Fancy's* various Mantle freely flows;
While Curious *Judgment* doth her Locks compoſe,
And braids in Artful Knots thoſe Treſſes fair,
That will the Hearts of *Phœbus's* Sons enſnare.
Now Charming *Wit*, which Few before did know,
Walks at Noon-day; doth all her Beauties ſhow,
How Sweet her Looks, how Raviſhing her Tongue,
What Heavenly Treaſure's in her Artfull Song:
How, while She innocently ſeeks to Pleaſe,
The Raviſh'd Soul forgets her old Diſeaſe,
And Painleſs Joys and Endleſs Pleaſures ſees.
Thus to the Learned *Aragonian* King
That Health, which *Galen's* Art could never bring,
The Charming *Cantin* kindly did impart,
And Cur'd his Body, when He 'd Gain'd his Heart.
Here wiſely-flowing *Eloquence* diſdains
To be confin'd, but in *Poetick* Chains:
Sweet are the Bonds, that tye the Soul to Senſe;
And ſcope allow for All things, but Offence!
Here Various *Learning* doth her Wealth diſcloſe,
And All, that's worth our Knowledge, freely ſhows:
All *Nature's* Secrets offers to our View,
Far more, than Watry *Proteus* ever knew:
Thô *He* Great *Neptune's* ſcaly Herds doth keep,
Well-vers'd in All the Wonders of the Deep.
For *Heyrick's* boundleſs and unwearied Mind
To this our Upper World can't be confin'd;
But ranſacks *Thetis's* Boſom and explores
Her Inmoſt Caverns and her Utmoſt Shores,

And ſtrangely doth the Vaſt *Abyſs* contain
Within the Vaſter *Ocean* of his Brain.
All, that was ever Writ, or Done, or Said,
Well hath He underſtood and well ſurvey'd:
Pierian Tempe, where *Apollo* Reigns,
And Spacious Hiſtory's Delightfull Plains,
And *Heaven* and *Earth's* far-diſtant Regions lie
Conſpicuous to his Sharp, Sagacious, Eye.
Nor yet meer Knowledge doth his Verſe beſtow;
But, as We're *Wiſer*, makes Us *Better* grow:
With *Moral* Uſe it ſmooths Rough *Nature's* Face,
And Human Art with Heavenly *Senſe* doth grace:
Vertue in every Lineament doth ſhine:
Groſs the *Materials*, but the *Form* Divine.
Yet, when my *Heyrick* would advance a Strain
Too High for All, that doth on Earth remain,
No *Female* Vanity, nor *Lordly* Ape,
Nor Wealthy *Ignorance*, nor Witleſs *Shape*,
Beſpeak his Muſe: ----But up aloft She flies,
And views Bright *VERTUE* with undazled Eyes:
On *Vertue* onely She delights to Gaze;
To *Vertue* onely gives Deſerved Praiſe:
For onely *Vertue*, and (which is the ſame,)
Great *RUTLAND*, can his Panegyricks claim; (Name.
Chaſt *GAINSBOROW*, and the Heavenly *BRIDGET'S*

Joſhua Barnes.

Emmanuel Coll. *Cambridge*
Novemb. 24. 1690.

To my Ingenious Friend Mr. Heyrick, *Author of the* Submarine Voyage.

I.

LONG I in Darkneſs, by falſe Meteors led,
Have blindly follow'd *Truth*, that from me fled:
Long have purſu'd the harſh and rugged Road,
Where *Shakeſpear* and Great *Ben* before me trod:
Yet now, Dear Friend, in vain I find,
I did th' *Infatuating Fire* purſue;
It onely did amuſe my Mind,
And Me thrô Miſts and Labyrinths drew:
Dully thrô thick and thin I wander'd on,
O're *Denham's*, *Suckling's*, *Waller's* Poems ran;
And vainly thought my ſelf well Bleſt,
When I a while in *Cleaveland's* Shade could reſt;
And at his Fountain quench my Thirſt:
Or ſtretch'd my ſelf along that Current's ſide,
Which with a Natural Force
Directs its Courſe,
And all o're *Cowley's* Odes Divine doth glide.
Cowley, who firſt ſome faint Diſcovery made
Of *Pindar's* unknown Shore:
Who firſt did with *Anacreon* trade,
And came home laden with *Wit's* ſparkling Ore.
But You a more adventurous *Courſe* have ta'ne,
Which You alone were able to maintain
He dabled in the Straits of *Wit*, You lanch'd into the Main.

II.

Tell me, what Muſe Your Fancy doth in inſpire
That I may now invoke the ſame?

Or

Or lend to Me Your Tunefull Lyre,
That I due Honours may proclaim;
And while Your Praiſes I make known,
May Propagate my Own;
And grow Immortal in the Mouth of Fame.
Lend me, O lend Your Quill,
Or Pardon, if againſt Your Will
I boldly do intrude
Among the numerous Multitude,
That to the Preſs with You do crowd.
In Pompous Dreſs You walk before in State,
And take Your Place in high *Apollo's* Court;
While We, th' Inſpired of the lower Sort,
Pay our Attendance at the Gate.

III.

On Your Officious *Dolphin's* Back
Thrô the vaſt Floods of *Time* I'le ſafely break:
Safely ſhall o're *Oblivion* ride
And ſtem th' Impetuous Current of her Tyde.
The fam'd *Arion* ſo had once been loſt
And periſh'd in the watry Brine,
Had not ſome *Dolphin*, kind like thine,
Convey'd him to the Coaſt.
Oh! that my Numbers were like *His*; that I,
Supported on Your Friendly Fin,
An unfrequented Voyage ſo might try,
Thrô Pearly, Chryſtal, Paths might creep,
And ſound the hidden Secrets of the Deep.
To *Neptune's* Palace might reſort,
View all his Riches, all his Store,
Of Precious Gems and Golden Ore,
And wanton with his Beauteous *Nymphs* at Court.

IV.

What mighty Labour, mighty Pains
Some Poets take to wrack their Brains?
Small is their *Wit*, and much more ſmall their Gains.
One treads the Lofty *Stage*
To pleaſe the Humours of a vicious Age:
In *Satyr* there Another doth delight
That Malice, more than Praiſe, doth move.
Another ſofter Lays doth write,
And ſweats and travels in the Roads of *Love*.
But Your more Uſefull Muſe
Wiſely another Way doth choſe;
In mighty Numbers ſings
Of mighty Secrets, mighty Things:
Things, that are worthy of Your Generous Mind,
And advantagious unto all Mankind.

V.

You hidden Knowledge from the Deep do take,
As *Albemarle* redeem'd the Golden Wreck.
With ſo much Fancy all Your Truths are joyn'd,
So Gentle and ſo Sweet they goe,
So ſmoothly Ebb, ſo ſmoothly Flow,
At once they charm the Hearing, and inſtruct the Mind.
In ev'ry Line Your Genius is expreſt,
In ev'ry Word is found a lively Taſte
Both of the *Poet* and the *Prieſt*.
You in Your ſwift Poetick Flight
Sometimes do ſoar to a ſtupendious Height:
Sometimes do not diſdain
To Dive into the Main.
Your Odes may properly be ſtil'd Divine;
That both *Cæleſtial* are and *Submarine*.

VI. *Judge*.

VI.

Judgement, and *Love*, what would ye doe?
Whither my willing Fancy drive?
In vain You whip, in vain You ſtrive,
In vain our Poet's Praiſe purſue:
So Bigg it looks, it's plac'd ſo High,
No human Art Acceſs can find;
We ſcarce can reach it with our Mind:
No Quill can to its Diſtance fly,
And Language laggs behind.
No wonder then, if ſunk beneath her Load
My Muſe declines the Road.
'Tis You alone to praiſe Your ſelf are fit,
But innate *Modeſty* is ſo
Predominant in You,
It bridles up Your Tongue and curbs Your Wit.

VII.

And yet, if I like *Dædalus* could fly
And ſoar with artfull Wings above the Sky:
Like him, could quit that deep and horrid Shade,
Shake off thoſe Chains
That clog my Brains,
Which Tyrant *Dulneſs* hath upon me laid:
I'de cut the yeilding Regions of the Air,
And o're Your Iſlands, o're Your *Ocean* ſteer,
And view thoſe watry Secrets, You have made ſo clear.
And thô perchance in my *Pindarick* Flight,
Rais'd to a too-ambitious Height,
The Fate of *Icarus* ſhould prove my Doom;
And angry *Phœbus* melt my waxen Plume:
Yet mine a much more glorious Lot would be,
Whilſt gently I ſhould drop into Your Sea, (from Thee.
Nor give the drowning Flood a Name, but take my Name

William Tunſtall. To

IV.

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To his Ingenious Friend, and Brother-Angler Mr. Thomas Heyrick *on his* Sub-marine Voyage, *&c.*

I.

HOW oft, where winding Rivers ſmil'd,
As they thrô flowry Meadows plaid;
Where Innocence and Pleaſure made their Seat,
Secure, thô Low, and Happy, thô not Great,
Have we the well-ſpent Hours beguil'd?
Drank draughts of Joys, no bitter Griefs allay'd,
No Diſappointments did invade?
Joys, *Pure*, as pearly Drops from Fountains riſe,
Clear, as the *Chryſtal* Streams, that charm'd our Eyes.
Free, as the *Choriſters* of the Neighbouring Groves,
That in melodious Airs tun'd forth their Loves.
Smooth, as the Azure Heaven around us ſpread,
Or ſtealing Rills, that not one Murmur made.
No buſie *Fiends* our Souls poſſeſs'd,
No dire *Ambition* ſeiz'd our Breaſt,
But fair *Content* lap'd up our Souls in Reſt:
Not *Eaſtern* Monarchs half ſo bleſt!
Above vexatious Thoughts of being Great,
Contented with our Watry *Sphear*,
(For ſometimes too a Rural Muſe was there)
We rul'd our *Fortune*, and commanded *Fate*.

II.

Theſe Happy Times are gone! Your tow'ring Mind
To ſuch low Stations could not be confin'd,
You lanch'd into the Main, and left us far behind.

Follow

" Follow me Friends (You cry'd) where Honour calls us on,
" And where Rewards our Induſtry will crown.
" The Gallant Mind new Continents deſcries,
" And Learned Souls make new Diſcoveries,
" While ſordid Moles hugg their ignoble Eaſe. –
" The Bounds of the Dull *Stagyrite* wee'l paſs,
" Leave his dark hints behind :
" His Courſe *Euripus's* narrow Streams confin'd,
" And ſwallow'd up his fluctuating Mind.
" We'll rifle Virgin-undiſcover'd Seas,
" That may the *Learned* and *Ambitious* pleaſe,
" That will with *Knowledge* and with *Gold* abound ;
" Till doubly We
" Are with *Victorious* and with *Learned* Laurels crown'd,
" And rule, what Kings fight to command, the *Sea*.
You ſpake, --but We were Deaf with *Fear* :
(For *Fear* and *Sloth* no brave Advice will hear)
Some laid in Eaſe refus'd to ſtirr,
Some the Sea's Surface did deterr :
The Boldeſt onely by the Shore durſt creep,
And *You* alone did ſtem the Terrours of the Deep.
We now too late our *Cowardiſe* deplore,
See *You* return'd with envy'd Store ;
While *We*, (the due Reward of *Sloth*) are *Poor*.

III.

The Sea's now truly Free, You made it ſo ;
Did thrô all Parts of that vaſt Empire go,
Nor miſs'd one dark Receſs.
Th' *Ocean's* no longer unconfin'd,
Nor the Sea Bottomleſs ;
Nothing lies hid to Your inquiſitive Mind.
Not where the *Sea-Nymphs* dance and play,
Not where their weari'd Limbs they lay

Extended like a Love-ſick Maid,
When ſhe in pleaſant Dreams doth graſp a Shade,
And wakes and ſighs, becauſe She is betray'd:
Not where the Jolly *Tritons* do reſort
To talk of Love, of Buſineſs, or of Sport,
Where *Phœbus* bluſhing-red with Love, or Toil,
Doth hurry down the *Weſtern* Hill,
To his Enjoyment, or his Reſt,
T' unbend his Cares upon fair *Thetis*'s Breaſt:
Or where Great *Neptune* doth his *Amphitrite* Court.
Nor can We tell, but You,
Who did ſo many Secrets know,
Some *Sea-Nymph* might, or *Goddeſs*, woe
And have your Aſſignations too below.

IV.

Pleaſure and *Learning* in Your *Muſe* are joyn'd:
You *Doubly* gratifie the Mind,
Delightfully and *Profitably* Kind.
To th' Curious *World* an *Hiſtory* You give,
Which by no other Means *We* could receive;
(For all th' Inhabitants are Dumb below)
Which, as You've made *That* Great, will make *You* Live;
While *Fiſhes* cut the Waves, or *Waves* themſelves do flow.
The Mighty *Whales* and Regal *Dolphins* there
Grow Big and Braver from your Artfull Pen;
The *Uranoſcopus* forgets the Sphear,
And Charm'd by You begins to *look* on Men:
All *Neptune*'s Court You've open'd to our View,
Adorn'd with Orient Pearl and Burniſh'd Gold,
His Guard of *Tritons* and the Scaly Crew,
That in the watry Plains their Revels hold:
Which Glorious Objects do our Eyes detain,
While You our *Souls* do ſteal with your ſurpriſing Strain.

But

But ſurely, while thoſe Depths You ſweetly ſing,
And charming Verſe from the *Abyſs* do bring
Such, as might rock the rattling Winds aſleep,
And ſmooth the Angry Furrows of the Deep:
While *Venus*-like Your Lovely *Muſe* doth riſe (priſe;
From Seas; and Storms themſelves have ſomething, doth ſur-
No ſingle Name can all theſe Wonders ſhew,
But now You are *Arion* and the *Dolphin* too.

V.

Your fatal Knowledge *Neptune* grieves in vain,
Laments, that e're he let a Spy
With treacherous Skill ſurvey the watry Plain,
See where his Forts and Magazines do lie,
And (what Invaſion tempts) his Treaſury.
In vain the *Indians* do deplore
The *Spaniards* firſt Arrival on their Shore:
Once found, they were to all a Prey,
Diſcovery op'd to Slavery a way.
So doth a gloomy Fate hang o're the Sea,
If any dare ſo Hardy be
To trace the Steps of Your Diſcovery.
Such Difficulties overcome, we know,
Your Mind can't be confined long below:
Neptune already doth the Knowledge fear,
And's Brother *Jove* muſt doubly guard his Sphear.
A *Dolphin* You did through the Ocean goe,
And now a *Bird* of Paradiſe You'll be,
And all the Secrets o'th' Celeſtial Empire ſee.

Ribworth Septem. xi. 1690.

Theophilus Judd of St. *John's* College *Cambridge.*

To

To Mr. Heyrick *on his Excellent Poems.*

I.

Nature, from whoſe Indulgent Hand
We all, that we eſteem, do take,
Doth *Coſtly* Births of *Worthleſs* Matter make:
Doth Noble Forms upon them lay:
The charming Viſions riſe at her Command
Though their Materials be but *Duſt* and *Clay*.
You greater Wonders to the World impart;
Your Learned Pen exceeds her Beſt of Art.
Her ſhapeleſs *Chaos* You anew Create,
Her Meaneſt Subjects from Your *Wit* grow Great.
Mortall, Imperfect, all her Products are:
Deathleſs You render them, and in *Perfection Fair*.

II.

The Proud *Pellæan* Youth, that *cry'd*----
Had *rav'd*, --More Worlds for to ſubdue,
Had he liv'd now, t' have been outdone by *You*.
Who ſcorn the Bounds, that Him confin'd,
Paſs o're the *Rubicon*, his Arms defi'd,
And pleaſe with Wonders of the Deep *Your* Mind.
You once-Renowned *Drake's* Great Acts outdo;
He the *Gulph's* Surface, *You* its Bottom, view.
Bold *Curtius's* Deed with Yours runs Parallel;
Who ſcorn'd the *Acherontick* Jaws of Hell!
Both leap'd the *Gulph*, Both to the Gods were Dear;
You beſt-Belov'd, whom *They* and Ravenous *Seas* did ſpare.

III. Who

III.

Who then am I; that dare deviſe
With my Unhallowed Verſe to come,
Where Nobler *Muſes* are with Wonder Dumb?--
In vain We ſtrive to praiſe the *Sun*
Whoſe Worth above Expreſſion's Power doth riſe;
And's beſt by ſilent Adoration ſhown.----
The Mighty *B----s* can onely ſing Your Praiſe,
The Tunefull *B----s*, juſt Partner of Your Bays!
Great *Homer's* far-ſung Fame to *Him* is due,
And *Pindar's* Song does ſeem reviv'd in *You:*
And ſurely He, that would ſuch Worth compriſe,
Muſt have a Soul, like Yours, *Great, Boundleſs, Sharp* & *Wiſe.*

George Walker of *Emmanuel* College in *Cambridge.*

To the Author on his Ingenious Submarine Voyage.

ODE.

I.

SAges *of old how vainly we admire!*
How fond's our Dotage on Antiquity!
Tho their Short Sights could nought deſcry
Unobvious to each Vulgar Eye;
The Idol'd Stagirite *could riſe no Higher*
Than the thin *Notion of* Hecceity:

When

When his more Prying Wit to' Euripus *flew,*
Its Famous Ebbs to view,
His Weaker Eyes
Us'd to the Dark Receſs of Occult Qualities,
Could not Suſtain Truth's *Glaring Light,*
Dazl'd with the Bright Miracle, He cry'd,
O Wondrous unintelligible Tide!
In what Dark Coverings art Thou involv'd,
Not by Entelechy's *or* Acts *reſolv'd?*
Why do I on its Fruitleſs Surface gaze?——
Guide Me ſome Triton *thrô its Wandring Maze,*
Take Me (He cry'd) and with an Eager Leap
Plunges into the Swelling Deep.
Yet the Philoſopher *no* Triton *found,*
But in the Rapid Stream was Drown'd:
What Fruitleſs Tryals then would He have made,
Had He the Boundleſs Depth eſſay'd!

II.

We'll no more Trophies to Columbus *raiſe,*
Nor to Veſputius's *ſtollen Praiſe:*
Too much We prize
Their mean Diſcoveries.
What has their Pregnant Wits brought forth
In the Long-expected Birth,
Beſide the dull reiterated Scene of Earth?
Hurried by Storms, the unſought Ground
They rather Hapned on, than Found:
Thoſe Random Guſts *the Praiſe muſt have,*
For a ſmall Share our forc'd Diſcoverers can crave,
Who only were by Mechaniſm *brave.*
They in a Blind Neglect paſt by
Natures Great Excellence, Variety;

They

They could Diſcover nought worth Wonder there,
When Waſted round its Chryſtal Hemiſphere.
Whilſt Your more prying Eye
Could not upon its Surface terminate,
Nor could the Loudeſt Storms Your Zealous Search abate.
You thrô Mæandrous *Caverns fearleſs rove,*
Diſcerning plainly in their Cauſe
The Ocean's *ſo-ſurpriſing Laws;*
While We above
Blind with Amazement do in vain,
Strive by Effects t' unfold the Cauſe's endleſs Train.
You Neptune's *Magazine have well ſurvey'd,*
And thrô's Whole Watry Realm a Progreſs made.
Sure by ſome Amorous Syren *in Your way*
You were the Charms of Language taught;
She did impart
With her Beſt Skill the Gracefull Art,
And by that Bribe would Mutual Flames have bought.

III.

The Mariner no more will Nature cruel call,
Thô He on Quickſands fall;
Thô Threatning Billows beat,
That on Sharp Rocks He ſplit:
For taught by You none can a Shipwrack fear,
Thô Circumſtantially *Severe:*
Since Sinking only does a Voyage *prove*
Into far Richer Scenes *of Life, than theſe above.*
Go on, Bold Wit, and add to Nature's ſtore,
All Her dark Nooks with curious ſearch look o're:
Now into Her Remoteſt Corners pry,
And let no Lurking World eſcape Your Eye.
Rove thrô all Regions of the Sky,

And

And with ſome Agile crowd,
People that Vaſt Capacious Solitude :
Find where the Promptuary's of Fire are ſtow'd,
And in that Supermundial Heat
Room for ſome Cold Inhabitants create,
Search Nature thrô ; till We no Blanks can ſee,
But find Her ſtretcht into Infinity.

Lancelot Manning, B. A. of *Trinity* College in *Cambridge.*

MISCEL-

MISCELLANY POEMS.

On the Right Honourable John *Earl of* Rutland, *&c.*

OFF-ſpring of Hero's! Who art truly Great,
Above the reach of *pleas'd*, or *angry*, Fate;
And equally doſt ſcorn her *ſmile* and *hate*.
In Innocence and Vertuous Courage ſafe,
Above the World, You at its Troubles laugh:
Nor can its Pageantry attract your Eyes;
You fear not one, and th' other You deſpiſe.
A Life like this did *Atticus* commend,
The pride of glorious *Rome* and *Tully's* Friend,
Who 'n *Rome* none of its Civil wars did feel,
With no Commotions of the State did reel;
But in the world ſcarce with the World did deal.
"'Tis the world's Imperfection ſtill to want,
" And ſatisfaction, nor to have, nor grant;
" But with inceſſant pains to tear the Breaſt,
" And beg of every helpleſs Cauſe for reſt.
Angelick Natures our weak ſtate exceed,
Their *Purity's* from taint of Matter freed,
Their Knowledge no increaſe or growth doth need.
In this they moſt ſhow our confined ſtore;
They are ſo happy, they can wiſh no more.
Ambition is the Feaveriſh Soul's diſeaſe,
Which reſtleſs ſeeks for ſomething, that may pleaſe.

About with them their Malady they bear,
And whereſoe're they fly, they find it near,
And grope for help around and graſp the Air.
" *Content's* not there: He that doth ſtrive for more
" Doth live uneaſie with his preſent ſtore.
" The wiſe Man doth Retirement's pleaſures know,
" And's never leſs alone, than when he's ſo.
Fools are for nothing fit; the *Middle Size*
Drive on the Buſineſs of the world and Noiſe;
The *Higheſt* Souls to Nobler pleaſures riſe.
Out of the reach of Fortune they are plac'd,
Draughts of Sublime Æthereal Joys do taſt,
Whom no Misfortunes break, nor Time doth waſt
So *Adam* in his Paradiſe did live,
Bleſs'd in himſelf and his beloved *Eve*.
Er'e Glory drew unwary Eyes aſide,
Er'e Gold did o'e the ſervile Troops preſide:
And to all Miſchief ope'd a paſſage wide.
Er'e glittering Courts Mens yielding Minds did ſway,
Did all their tender precious Hours betray;
Whoſe loſs not all their hopes and golden dreams could pay.
Er'e Men their Eaſe barter'd for Gold or State,
And ſold themſelves at an Unworthy rate:
E'e Vice on Innocency's Tomb did grow: ----
Such is Your Life, and ſuch a *Paradiſe* have You.
Who in Your Self find Native Inborn ſtore,
Nor from the World do need to borrow more:
For he, that wants, thô ne'r ſo rich, is poor.
A ſcheme of Life, like Yours, *Lucretius* laid,
(Whoſe Boundleſs Wit all Nature's works ſurvey'd)
And fitted to th' Immortal Gods, he made:
He gave them what would moſt Divinely pleaſe;
And lull'd them up in bleſs'd *Content* and *Eaſe*.

To

To the Right Honourable Katherine *Counteſs of* Rutland.

THE Cautious Heathens, er'e they would admit
Their *Poets* of their *Deities* to treat,
Firſt at their Altars made them Homage pay,
And purge their Droſs and looſer Strains away:
That the Exalted Purified mind
Might Notions fit for Heavenly Beings find.
So the bold *Artiſt*, that of You would ſpeak,
Should Patterns from Celeſtial Natures take;
And ſtamp his Soul in an *Angelick* Mold;
Er'e he Your Vertues ſhould attempt to' unfold.
In higheſt Sciences we words do want;
Expreſſions, that may give our Notions vent:
Thus *Rhet'rick* dumb at Your Perfections grows;
Our Language then, that 'tis defective, ſhows.
And thô thoſe Flowers, which other Tongues refine,
She doth unto her Treaſures wiſely join;
All's yet too low for Subjects ſo Divine.
Homer the Language of the Heavens could tell,
Myſterious Secrets of the Gods reveal:
He that, how Good, or Great You are, would ſhow,
Had need the Depth of Heavenly wiſdom know:
For all we deal with here doth flag too low.
Angels the Mighty work ſhould undertake,
And ſhew what Words they for ſuch Merits make.
Had You liv'd in thoſe Fabulous Ages, when
The *Heavenly* Seats held Colonies of *Men*;
When every Spark of Worth or Mounting Fire
Durſt up into a *Deity* aſpire;

What Deities had Your Perfections ſhowd,
How many from Your Single Worth had flow'd?
Each Vertue had a God or Goddeſs given,
And You could from Your Self have peopled Heaven.
Nor to this Age alone extends Your Fame,
The Times to come ſhall ſpread Your Glorious Name.
And whereſoe'r the Name of *MANNERS* flies,
(A Name that doth all Excellence comprize)
As down the Ages it doth paſs along,
You'l be the Subject of their Gratefull ſong:
And with Your Beauteous Offspring fix it faſt,
Coëval with the World and Time to laſt.
And as Great *Caſar's* haughty Name did come
Succeſſively to all, that govern'd *Rome*;
Your Name, like Incence, ſhall deſcend to ſtory,
And be the *Age's* Bliſs and *Sexe's* Glory.
And all, whoſe Generous Breaſts aſpire to Fame,
With decent boldneſs ſhall aſſume Your Name,
Which in all Ages ſhall be underſtood
Significant for what is Great or Good.
Had but the Early Centuries, that could find
The Vertues and the Graces Woman-kind,
Seen the Fair Draughts of Your Celeſtial Mind:
New Sexes to their Deities they 'had given,
Nor left one Single God to rule in Heaven.

On the Lord Roos, *Eldeſt Son of the Earl of* Rutland.

WHen common Work for Painters hands doth call,
Rude artleſs Draughts do from their Pencils fall;

Adapted

Adapted to the judgment of the Crowd,
No Dancing Life doth make the Members proud:
But when a Celebrated Piece doth ſit,
For Wiſdom known, for Beauty, or for Wit;
The artfull ſtrokes do Life and Vigor breathe,
And ſteal an Immortality from Death.
So Nature, when the Common Herd ſhe makes,
Rough worthleſs Matter from baſe Rubbiſh takes:
Careleſs in any Shape ſhe molds the Clay,
No Beauteous Characters thereon doth lay:
To the Dull lump no coſt ſhe doth impart,
Courſe the Materials and as courſe the Art.
But when ſome Godlike Birth ſhe would improve,
That draws his Sparkling Line from Thundring *Jove*:
With her bright Seal ſhe ſtamps him for her own,
In dazling *Hieroglyphicks* writes him down.
For's *Body* takes Materials, fair as thoſe,
That do the Maſs of Common *Soul's* compoſe:
Fills it with every Vertue, every Grace,
And heavenly Beauties in the Mind doth place:
Vertues, that ſoar far above Common ken,
Known but to *Angels*, and *Seraphick* Men!
So *Nature*, Princely Youth, with you did deal,
With Excellence did Soul and Body fill:
And that it might not Caſual appear,
A Turn of Greatneſs and a Generous Air,
A ſhining Spirit thrô the Whole did bear.
Rays, ſuch as crown the Gods, o're all did fly,
And every thing did breathe Divinity.
Others with tedious ſteps to Vertue riſe.
Break to't thrô crowds of preſſing Enemies:
Muſt violence on headſtrong Nature lay,
Unhinge the Paſſions, ere they will obey:

Which

Which, like tame Lions, if not rul'd by Art,
Will back into their Natural wildneſs ſtart:
Like Countries, that but newly are ſubdu'd,
Will ſoon rebell and caſt off Servitude.
Your Happy Mind inherent Vertue bears,
The Gift of Heaven and of Your Anceſters.
Others attain 't; an *Habit* 'tis in You,
What others do to Pains and Culture owe,
In Your Great Mind doth *Naturally* grow.
Your Family's Vertues ſo upon You wait,
It doth the Queſtion put beyond debate,
That Parents Children's Souls do generate.
Grant bleſſed Heaven, Your Worth mayn't fatal be;
Nor too ſoon purchaſe Immortality! ---
And when Your Wiſdom and Your Worth are known,
To th' world Your Candor and Your Goodneſs ſhown:
And when thoſe Vertues, that to Age belong,
Shall in Your Youthfull Breaſt be found to throng:
Let not too ſoon bleſs'd Souls for You make room,
Nor *Death* believe You old and ſign Your doom.

On an Indian *Tomineios, the Leaſt of Birds.*

I.

IM'E made in ſport by *Nature*, when
Shee's tir'd with the ſtupendious weight
Of forming *Elephants* and Beaſts of State;
Rhinocerots, that love the Fen;
The *Elkes*, that ſcale the hills of Snow,
And *Lions* couching in their awfull Den:
Theſe do work Nature hard, and then

Her

Her wearied Hand in Me doth ſhow,
What ſhe can for her own Diverſion doe.

II.

Man is a little World ('tis ſaid)
And I in *Miniature* am drawn,
A Perfect Creature, but in Short-hand ſhown.
The *Ruck*, in *Madagaſcar* bred,
(If new Diſcoveries Truth do ſpeak)
Whom greateſt Beaſts and armed Horſemen dread,
Both Him and Me one Artiſt made:
Nature in this Delight doth take,
That can ſo Great and Little Monſters make.

III.

The *Indians* me a *Sunbeam* name,
And I may be the Child of one:
So ſmall I am, my Kind is hardly known.
To ſome a ſportive *Bird* I ſeem,
And ſome believe me but a *Fly*;
Thô me a Feather'd *Fowl* the Beſt eſteem:
What er'e I am, I'me Nature's Gemm;
And, like a *Sunbeam* from the Sky,
I can't be follow'd by the quickeſt Eye.

IV.

I'me the true *Bird of Paradiſe*,
And heavenly Dew's my only Meat:
My Mouth ſo ſmall, 'twill nothing elſe admit.
No Scales know how my weight to poiſe,
So Light, I ſeem condenſed Air;
And did at th' End of the *Creation* riſe,
When Nature wanted more Supplies,
When ſhe could little Matter ſpare,
But in Return did make the work more *Rare*.

Claudi-

Claudian's *Eagle.*

THE *Eagle* doth not let his Eaglets rove,
Till th' Sun doth their Legitimacy prove.
When kindly heat doth the ripe Brood reveal,
And ſwelling Births do break the tender ſhell;
He turns his unfledg'd Off-ſpring to the ſky,
And bids them look on Heaven with daring Eye.
Well the diſcerning Rays he views, to ſee
What will their Nature, Strength and Vigor be.
The Spurious Bird, that can't the Sunbeams bear,
His Father's Talons do in pieces tear:
But He, that views the Sun with daring ſight,
Nor ſhrinks at, what dazzles all elſe, the Light;
Nurs'd up with love becomes his Father's Heir
Deſtin'd the mighty *Thunderer* to bear.

The Fiſherman *and Treaſure.*

BEneath a ſhade, that overlook'd a Sea,
To whom a Chryſtal ſtream did Homage pay,
A Fiſher, arm'd with skill and patience, ſtood,
Whoſe Age beſpoke him Native of the flood:
By' whoſe Antick look and garb the Fiſh deceiv'd,
Him but a Tree's poor leafleſs Trunk believ'd:
Round whom the credulous Fry did fearleſs play,
While he with Specious baits did them betray.
It happ'd, as he his quiet Art employ'd,
Which him with Sport and Livelihood ſuppli'd,
Something far off did on a Billow ride:

And

And as he watch'd his Quill with patient care,
The moving Waves had brought the body near.
A lovely Youth, perhaps ſome Virgin's flame,
Perhaps his Father's joy, that ſhould uphold his Name,
With mournfull *Miene*, to beg a Burial came.
The Aged Fiſher the ſad Object view'd
And doubly him with briny Tears bedew'd.
" Death makes a dreadfull change! perhaps (ſaid he)
" Thou mightſt the Favourite of ſome *Monarch* be:
" Nothing is ſpar'd by Death or by the Sea.
" Perhaps, ſaid he, ſome Love-ſick Maid doth wait
" Thy ſafe return, nor dreams of thy ſad fate;
" Counts every Moment of thy tedious ſtay,
" And thinks each hour an Age doth bear away!
" To our own doom we 'r Ignorant and blind,
" Much leſs, what haps to diſtant friends, can find.
" Perhaps —— alas, what may not we ſuppoſe;
" And yet what thoughts ſhall we in errour looſe?
" Time paſt lyes hid, as well as Time to come,
" And we of both in vain enquire the doom.
" *Phyſiognomiſts* pretend events to tell,
" But can't, what hapned to the dead, reveal:
" Both unintelligible Myſteries ly,
" What *hath* been, or what *future* times ſhall be.
" That which is ſure, is, thou doſt want a Grave,
" The reſting place indulgent *Nature* gave,
" That, which the Rich with all their Treaſures buy,
" Nor Mother Earth doth to the Poor deny,
" Where Kings and Peaſants, Spades and Scepters ly.
" Thy reſtleſs Soul wanders in devious ways,
" Not ſuffered the *Stygian* Lake to paſs;
" While thy cold Members dance upon the Sea,
" And thy unburied Corps a prey doth ly.
" There is a debt we owe to all Mankind,

" Not to Relations or to Friends confin'd:
" The whole World in our kindneſs claims a ſhare,
" And every One in need demands our Care.
" Thou nothing needeſt, and doſt nothing crave,
" But, what's in all Mens power to give, a Grave.
" Riches I've none, nor doſt thou need them now,
" That which I have I freely will beſtow,
" A Grave is the laſt Favour I can ſhow.

The Gods the Aged Man's intention heard,
And, that his piety they might reward,
Where he a Grave with trembling Members made,
A maſs of Treaſure underneath convey'd.
Vertue, that ſeldom her Reward doth gain,
But cloath'd in Rags deſpiſed doth remain,
While gilded *Vice* in coſtly State doth Reign,
Rich now by th' gift of Bounteous Heaven doth grow;
Who to th' miſtaken World deſign'd to ſhow,
What is to *Piety* and *Vertue* due.

On the Lady Bridget Noel.

WOnder of Nature! never yet
So bright a *Soul* and fair a *Body* met,
A *Jewell* worthy ſuch a *Cabinet*:
Nature her gifts us'd *wiſely to diſpence*,
And with good Miene *ſupply the* Want of ſence.
In You the ſtores of *Wit* and *Beauty* meet,
This Decks your *Face*, and that your *Mind*:
Heaven's Treaſures are in You combin'd,
And every God with gifts your Birth did greet.

II.

Angels to You do brag they 'r kin,
Whoſe Soul doth thrô your Chryſtal body ſhine;
And what appears without comes from within.
Your Body ſuch, as Goddeſſes put on;
When they to meet their Earthly Loves come down.
Nature on You hath Laviſh'd all her ſtore,----
A Dearth of Beauty muſt ſucceed,
And Fools revolving Years muſt breed;
For *She*, that hath given all, can give no more.

Hippomenes and *Atalanta.*

WHen young *Hippomenes* beheld the place,
The ground, on which was run the fatal Race,
Where *Atalanta* ſhould the Victor grace:
And ſaw their Members ſcatter'd o're the plain,
Whom Fate ordain'd to Love and to be ſlain;
Who paid their Life which in the Race did yield,
By fair, but cruell, *Atalanta* kill'd.——
"Is this the ſole Reward, great *Love*, he cry'd,
"That doth to thy unhappy Slaves betide?
"Are theſe the Deities we muſt adore;
"That thus delight themſelves in humane gore?
"If i'th the Æthereal Plains ſuch Monſters be,
"Heaven ſhall be uninhabited for me.
"My bleeding Country ſhall my Aid demand,
"My Friend in danger ſhall require my hand,
"Actions like theſe beget a glorious Name,
"If i'th attempt I die, I die with Fame.
"Theſe mangled Limbs were Men, that by their Hands
"Might have gain'd Crowns and conquer'd foreign Lands.

" But Love betray'd them,---Low in duſt they ſleep,
" And Ignominy o're their Names doth creep.
" They throve by *War*, were by ſoft *Love* undone,
" They well knew how to *ſtand*, but not to *run*.
" Hence then for ever I abjure the flame.—
—— But as he ſpoke, fair *Atalanta* came.—
A Bearded ſhaft did thrô his Liver dart:
And throbbing pain went tingling to his heart.
Silence ſeal'd up his lips, the ſight took place,
The Valiant *Heart* bow'd to the charming *Face*.
Th' expanded Organ greedily receiv'd
Thoſe piercing Looks, that him of reſt bereav'd.
A ſecret Warmth thrô every Vein did glide,
And his Blood flow'd in an unuſual tide.
In's Mind thoughts of untaſted Joys did move
And ſunk inſenſibly his Soul to Love.
His hardned Reſolutions now expire,
And melt like rigid Ice before the Fire.
He now rejects the vows he once did make,
And thus, quite chang'd, his Words in Raptures brake.
" Pardon, great Love, a Criminal, that ne're knew
" What was to Thee, or *Atalanta* due.
" And you (bleſs'd Souls) whom *Love* and *Beauty* ſlew,
" I'll either Conquer, or make One of You.
" In bold Attempts 'tis gallant even to dare,
" For thô we miſs the Prize, we Honour ſhare.
" Show me the Poſt---I with Impatience dy,----
" My eager Love will double ſtrength ſupply;
" And in the Race what warmth my breaſt will hear,
" To ſave a Life, and *Atalanta* get:
" All that I fear is, leſt my throbbing heart,
" From her fair ſide unwillingly will part:
" It will be Lead, when it from Her is gone,
" *Nor can I from ſo great a Treaſure run.*

" But

" But if, at worſt, the Fates my Bliſs withſtand,
" 'Twill be worth while to periſh by her Hand.
" For ſince we once muſt yield to Deſtiny,
" By ſuch an *Angel* who'd not wiſh to dy?
" Her *Eyes* can cure the wounds, her fair *Hand* gave,
" One Look of hers can ranſom from the grave.

The Honourable Grazier.

THE *Roman* Heroes, that the World ſubdu'd
Both by their Candor and their Fortitude;
Did with their Arms as uſefull Arts put on,
And Govern'd all by Moderation.
Conquer'd themſelves, and then for Rule were fit;
Maſters at Home, and then made All ſubmit.
The ſpirit of Magiſtracy could put on,
And could without reſentment lay it down.
Could in all ſtates an even Temper ſhow,
This day *Dictator* and the next at Plow.
So calmly you did bear the change of State,
Steer'd right the dangerous Ship of being Great,
Not ſwell'd with empty Gales of flattering Fate.
And when that needfull Maxims you did call,
From thence you gently did *deſcend*, not *fall*.
Your great Soul leſs employments ſtoop'd to bear,
As Gods ſometimes to earthly ſeats repair.
Fate rules mean Souls, the brave do Fate command,
Who ſtill unmov'd on their own Baſis ſtand.
And ſhould the World in pieces break, and all
The ſhatter'd ruines in one Tempeſt fall;
No fear could from the rowling Mountains riſe,
Nor could their Innocence admit ſurprize.

" Tis the great Good, that we from Vertue gain ;
" Unmov'd in all Earth's changes to remain !

On a Peacock.

I.

THou fooliſh Bird, of Feathers proud,
Whoſe Luſtre yet thine Eyes ne're ſee :
The gazing Wonder of the Crowd,
Beauteous, not to thy ſelf, but Me !
Thy Helliſh Voice doth thoſe affright,
Whoſe Eyes were charmed at thy ſight.

II.

Vainly thou think'ſt, thoſe Eyes of thine
Were ſuch as ſleepy *Argus* loſt ;
When he was touch'd with rod Divine,
Who late of Vigilance did boaſt.
Little at beſt they'll thee avail,
Not in thine *Head*, but in thy *Tayl*.

III.

Wiſemen do *forward* look to try
What will in *following* Moments come :
Backward thy uſeleſs Eyes do ly,
Nor do enquire of *future* doom.
" Nothing can remedy what's paſt ;
" Wiſedom muſt guard the preſent caſt.

IV.

Our Eyes are beſt employ'd at home,
Not when they are on others plac'd :
From thine but little good can come,
Which never on thy ſelf are caſt :

What

What can of ſuch a Tool be made?
A Tayl *well-furniſh'd*, but an empty *Head.*

On a Flea *preſented to a Lady, whoſe Breaſt it had bitten, in a* Golden *Wire,* Extempore. 1679. (*by Mr.* Joſhua Barnes.)

-----HEre, Madam, take this Humble Slave,
Once vile,--But, ſince your blood is in him, Brave!
I ſaw him ſurfet on your Lovely Breaſt;
And ſnatch'd the Traytor from that precious Feaſt.
For his Attempt ſure He by me had dy'd;
But the reſpect, I bore your Blood deny'd.
The Gods forbid, fair Madam, that by me
Your Blood be ſhed althô in this poor Flea!----
'Twas Sacrilege in him thoſe Drops to draw;
But now that Treaſure in his skin doth ly,
It conſecrates his Life and ſtrikes an awe;
That no bold Nayl dare make the Traytor dy.
Nay if a Quaff of *Nectar* once could make
Mankind Immortal, as the Poets feign,
This Flea can never dy for that Drops ſake,
Which he hath ſuck'd, ſweet Madam, from your Vein.
At leaſt--no human Power his life can ſpill,
(Which lyes in your pure blood, that can't decay:)
But You, *whoſe Property's to ſave* and *kill*,
As you did lend that Blood, may take't away.
Then lo! --- this *Royal Slave* in chains of *Gold*,
Here I ſubmit moſt humbly to your doom:
Either let *Mercy* him your Priſoner hold,
Or let your Ivory Nayl prepare his Tomb!

Oh!

Oh! could he ſpeak, I 'm ſure the Wretch would crave
A *Priſoner's* life, to be confin'd with *You*:
Nay he could be content to meet his *Grave*;
If by your Hand death might to him accrue.
Go, happy *Flea*! for now to One you go,
Gives *Bliſs*, if She 's your *Friend*, and *Glory*, if your *Foe*!

On an Ape.

I.

THIS Creature, that our Scorn doth grow,
Whoſe Actions we with laughter ſee,
Of Reaſon doth reſemblance ſhow,
And follows us with pleaſing Mimickry:
It aims at Wit; a Man would grow;
And would be *Rational*, if it knew how.

II.

'Tis more than We to *Angels* can;
Their Deeds we cannot Imitate:
We'er after all Endeavours *Man*;
Nor can we even in Shadow change our ſtate:
Nor what they are, or what they doe,
Can we but even in Show attain unto.

III.

Trifles our anxious Heads do fill,
Which this bleſs'd Creature trouble not:
Quarrels thence flow, the Cauſe of ill,
While Unconcern'dneſs is his happy Lot.
He is *our* Scorn, and much more W
The Scorn or Pitty may of *Angels* be.

IV. Like

IV.

Like *Man* ambitiouſly he acts,
While We in Paths of Beaſts do tread;
Follow vain Fools in Vitious tracts,
And even to Hell are by Example led:
Great Aims his Mind doth *upward* call;
While baſely We to what's *below* us crawl.

No to Morrow.

AN Holy Hermite, that to aged Years
His precious Moments had employ'd in Prayers;
Renew'd the Golden age, by Nature fed,
Took his Repoſe upon Earth's flowry Bed,
And had Heaven's Canopy above his Head:
With what was preſent did content his Mind,
And future things to Providence reſign'd.
To Him ſome Friends did earneſtly repair,
And begg'd at th' Conſul's Chooſing hee'd appear.
To whom Gray Hairs and Piety reply'd,
" What's in my power You ſhall not be deny'd.
" What You deſire of me to Day I'le doe,
" But for to Morrow I can nothing ſhow.
" You that are Young and hope for Future years,
" For times to come may fill your Heads with Cares.
" I uſe the Time is preſent; and no more,
" Than what to Day brings forth, account my ſtore.
" I many Years have liv'd, yet never knew
" What was to Future Times and to *to Morrow* due.

Mart. *Lib.* 12. *Epig.* 23.

WHen Mony I on my bare Bond do crave,
Youv' none: I'le Mortgage, Sir,--oh! now you have.
Thus, *Theleſine*, you will not truſt a Friend,
But on the Credit of his Field You'l lend.
You'r caſt at Law; tell not me, tell my Land--
You want a Friend-- not I, my Field ſhall ſtand.

On the Crocodile.

I.

I AM the Terrour of the Sea,
Proud *Nile's* chief Glory and his Fear:
From far I dart upon my Prey,
Which to my watry Hold I bear.
Dogs dare not drink for doubt of Me,
Thô they 'gainſt Bulls and Lyons dare.
I am chief Inſtrument of Fate;
Two Elements upon me wait;
Water and *Land* conſpire to make me great.

II.

Of food I no Diſtinction make,
But in my Cruelty am Juſt:
Of Man and Beaſt alike I take,
And eat them both with equal Guſt.
With Draughts of Gore my thirſt I ſlake,
And Fleſh I down my throat do thruſt.
Fear gave riſe to Divinity;
And Gods haue roſe from Cruelty:
Wiſe *Ægypt* ſhowd ſo; when She worſhip'd me.

III. The

III.

The *Indians* kill me for their Food,
And ſay, I am Delicious meat:
They drink of their Relations Blood,
And eat, what did their Fathers eat.
In me they injure their own Brood,
Their Malice doth their Judgment cheat.
But I may yet a Queſtion make,
Whether when Me they hunt and take,
They think their Hunger or Revenge to ſlake.

IV.

No Creature can my *Power* withſtand:
Yet to that power *Deceit* I tie:
And by this Double *Gordian* band
Secure my hungry Tyranny;
The Terrour of the Sea and Land
In ambuſh on the Sands I lie.
What e're I take I do devour,
Yet o're the Head I tears do ſhower,
And weep and grieve,--becauſe I have no more.

V.

Men me Abhor, yet Imitate;
Like Falſhood uſe without all Shame:
As Lawleſs Power, as deep Deceit
Doth *Chriſtian* under *Chriſtian* tame:
I live i'th' Actions of the Great;
What they're to Others, to them I am.
Would you then Power and Cunning ſee
Mixed with deep Hypocriſie?
They are conjoyn'd in *Man*, as well as *Me*!

On a Pen.

THE feather'd Herald of loud *Fame* I ſing;
Love's ſweeteſt Friend and *Satyr's* ſharpeſt ſting.
The fierce Denouncer of devouring Arms,
The ſoft Propoſer of mild Peace's charms:
That o're the Troops of Proudeſt Monarchs ſways,
That rules the Sword, which Heaven and Earth obeys:
That charm'd the Barbarous World, and brought the Rude
And Savage Troops from lonely Solitude:
That made them down in Peace togethet lie,
And molded them into Civility:
Their yeilding Hearts with ſecret Joy did move,
With tyes of Friendſhip and of mutual Love:
Firſt ſhew'd the Service, we to Heaven did owe,
The Rev'rence we ſhould unto Juſtice ſhow,
And Rules of Converſe, and what e're we know.
Earth's Diſtant parts the Nimble *Pen* doth bind,
And to remoteſt Nations bears the Mind.
Thou wondrous Gift of Heaven! that can'ſt diſpence
Immortall favours and eternall Sence.
Thou to dark Ages doſt full Luſter give;
By Thee Great *Homer* and Great *Maro* live!
Thoſe, we ne're ſaw, yet by thy Help we know;
And Friendſhip can at greateſt diſtance ſhow.
Thou needfull Rules for Government doſt give,
And from Oppreſſion doſt the Weak relieve.
The Reins of all things in thy power do lie,
And He rules All, who well can govern Thee.
The peaceſull Mind thou canſt to War excite,
And ſink the Warriour down into delight,

Great

Great Revolutions on thy power depend,
And Fates of Kings thy Motion do attend.
What ſecret ſpell doth in thy Letters ly?
What Magick Powers do from thy figures fly?
What wonders do the Savages relate
Of thine all-wiſe, all-wonderfull Eſtate?
That Characters, *which* from our Pens *do* ſtray,
To diſtant Climates ſhould our thoughts convey.
Well might the *Indian* think the Letter ſpoke,
When by its help He in his theft was took.

On a Faithfull Dog.

MOST *Loyal Creature*! whom no Bribes can bend:
Still thou untaught thy Maſter doſt defend.
Lov'ſt generous Actions, that will bear the Light,
Irreconcilable to deeds of Night.
To Thieves and Villains a profeſſed Foe,
And what ſoe're doth hidden treachery know.
Ne're in diſtreſs didſt leave thy wretched Lord,
But didſt at Life's expence thy help afford.
From thy indulgent Maſter ne're didſt fly,
Nor e're betray'd the hand, that nouriſh'd Thee.
But when all Loyal help is try'd in vain,
True and unmov'd doſt by his ſide remain,
And doſt thy Faith in Fates extreams maintain:
Well did the fierce * *Numidia*'s Prudent Lord
Chooſe from thy tribe his uncorrupted Guard.
Thy Life ſhames giddy *Man's*; for *He*'s a ſlave
To every Veering Wind and Dancing Wave.
Him Gold, or Spleen, or Flattery moves to range,
Or, what is worſe, meerly the Love of change.

* *Maſiniſſa*

He

He knows nor Gratitude, nor Honour's Laws,
But in extremity his help withdraws,
And leaves his Lord to th' mercy of his Foes.----
Villains or Fools the noiſy Crowds compoſe;
Or ſprightly Traytors, or dull ſtupid Logs;
How are they honour'd, if we ſtyle them *Dogs?*

On the Mole.

I.

BY Niggard unkind Nature I
Am doomed to perpetual Night;
In my dark ſolitude I ly,
And hate, what all do Love, the Light.
My days from nights no difference have,
But all my Life I'm in my Grave.

II.

I in Earth's bowels ſeek my prey,
In curſed ſolitude remain,
In thoſe dark Regions, where no Ray
May help to eaſe me of my pain:
Doubly accurs'd, that have no ſight,
Or, had I, am debarr'd the Light!

III.

Once I was an *Æthereal* mind
(If learn'd Antiquity ought know)
But cloy'd with Joys of Heavenly kind,
I long'd for Pleaſures here below:
Till angry Heaven from thence me thruſt,
And ſet my Manſion in the Duſt.

IV. Now

IV.

Now Blind, who once did Glory ſee,
And dwelt in the *Æthereal* Air:
From Heaven, and thoughts of it, I fly,
And do all Commerce with it fear.
In caverns deep my Seat I place,
And ſhun, as guilty men, Heaven's face.

V.

The ſtarting, trembling, Guilty Soul,
And Conſcience, that awake doth keep,
Might ſeek for ſhelter with the *Mole*;
And fix her habitation deep.
But tell me where a troubled mind,
A Dungeon deep enough ſhall find!

The Norway Whale.

I.

I Am the Meſſenger of angry Fate,
And do approaching Monarchs Death relate:
Norway with trembling Eyes doth look on me,
And I 'me the Comet of the Sea.
Meteors from Heaven betoken Death,
And I do tell it from beneath.

II.

To Mariners an Iſland I appear,
And fearleſs they unto my ſide draw near,
Wondering what unknown Land their courſe doth ſtay,
And think they have miſtook their way.

Their

Their Charts and Mapps in vain they ſpread,
Believing Nature's lately brought to Bed.

III.

Yet wiſely Nature with my Bulk doth deal,
And Folly on my Greatneſs doth entail;
Makes me a dull, ſtupid, and ſenceleſs Piece,
My Head but not my Brains encreaſe.
Did Wit or Malice dwell in me,
How dangerous a Monſter ſhould I be?

IV.

How many Whales may even our Country boaſt,
Whoſe Souls are in their Maſſy Bodies loſt?
Who, if it haps they don't miſchievous grow,
Their praiſe is, that they know not how:
Their Innocence from Folly got,
Their Excellence not in their Head, but Throat.

On Sleep.

Sleep, thou moſt ſoft and pleaſing of the Gods,
That kindly eaſeſt weary Mortals Loads!
What other angry Deities infer,
Thou, Tutelary, *Genius* help'ſt to bear.
Even *Jove* himſelf muſt part the time with Thee,
Thou Eaſe and Aid of our Mortality!
To th' Gods and Fate we do the day reſign,
But half the Time, the Night, ſweet Sleep, is thine:
To whom our Life thoſe Cordial hours doth owe,
Help to digeſt the Bitterneſs of woe!

The

The Springs of Life would ſoon exhauſted be,
If not repleniſh'd and refreſh'd by *Thee*.
Thou call'ſt the flagging Spirits to the Brain,
With Balmy Dew ſprinkleſt the wearied Train,
That grow and flouriſh with thy moiſtning ſhowers;
As ſilver Drops lift up the tender Flowers.
The long-diſtended Nerves are laid to reſt,
And ſilent Eaſe ſpreads o're the heaving Breaſt:
A pleaſing Numneſs on the Limbs doth ſeize,
And all, but Labouring *Fancy*, is at eaſe:
A thouſand ſhapes She o're the Brain doth roul,
Disjointed Schemes play i'th' deluded Soul:
Inverted thoughts without, or Form, or Law,
Fragments of what before we heard, or ſaw:
Till the refreſhed Spirits with haughty Pride,
With vigorous Strength thró all the Limbs do glide,
And break the Silken Fetters, Sleep had ty'd.
Thou lull'ſt at once *Us* and our *Woes* aſleep;
Thy Guards from Troubles faithfull Centry keep.
It is the ſacred Time they muſt refrain,
And wait, till we riſe from thy Arms again.
Thou Safe *Aſylum*, where the wretched *Slave*
With the proud *Victor* equal ſhare can have:
Both meet in thy Embraces, both lie down,
(I'th' *Grave* and *Sleep* there's no Diſtinction known)
Both ſenceleſs of the Joys, or Griefs, they own.
The weary *Wretch*, that Tugs at th' Oar doth find,
Of all the Gods, *Thou* art to him moſt kind.
Thy Charitable help doth condeſcend
Eaſe to the loaded Priſoner to lend,
That low in Dungeons lies far from the ſight
Of Mortal Eyes, and th' common Good, the Light:
Thou cheer'ſt his blinded Eyes and troubled Mind,
And Him, that's loſt to all the World, doſt find.

Thou viſit'ſt Humble Cotes and ſilent Cells,
Where Native *Innocence* and *Pleaſure* dwells;
Where *Love* and *Peace* do undiſturbed reign,
And *Truth* and *Safety*'s more eſteem'd, than *Gain.*
But far thou flieſt from *Courts* and *Rooms* of State,
From *Noiſe* of Buſineſs and of being Great.
Ambition there upon the Mind doth ſeize,
And *Luſt* and *Rage* do rob the Soul of Eaſe:
Bloody *Revenge* the Tortur'd heart doth tear,
Nor doth black *Jealouſie* the Entrails ſpare.
They ſmile without, but inwardly do bleed,
And reſtleſs *Vultures* on the Liver feed.
Scorpions and *Furies* there may make aboad,
But there's no Room for Thee, thou pleaſing God!
With weary ſteps they may to *Honour* crawl,
And Golden ſhowers into their Laps may fall:
But Thee they want, bleſs'd Sleep, who ſweet'neſt all.
All States and Tempers of thy Pleaſures taſt;
Which, when all other Joys are gone, do laſt.
Deſpairing Wretches, from whom Comforts fly,
May in Ambitious Dreams yet happy be,
And what they ne're ſhall have, Enjoy by Thee.
The Valiant *Souldier* dreams of Mortal Wars,
Of bloody Wounds and Honourable Scars,
Graſps at Imaginary Crowns, and lies
Entranc'd in Raviſhing Sighs and Exſtaſies:
Till the ſoft Bonds of downy Sleep do break,
Then grieves and ſighs, that he ſo ſoon doth wake.
A *Lover's* mind Beauteous Ideas dreſs,
While ſlumber doth his wandring Soul poſſeſs.
The Object of his Flame he doth adore,
Freely Embraces, what was Coy before,
What his unbounded thoughts deſire, enjoys;
Fancy the room of what's not there ſupplies.

Unwil-

Unwillingly he's wak'd out of his Dream,
And grieves, that all was but *Ixion*'s Scheme.
The ſweet-tongu'd Poet, *whoſe Immortal Song*
Makes Men riſe Gods, and Age it ſelf grow young,
Thô poor Contempt offend his waking eyes,
Rich in thine Arms, thou Sole Mœcenas, *lyes.*
Sleep doth the Draughts of former Acts retrieve,
Diſorder'd Cuts of Ancient Geſts doth give:
Each of his Calling or his Deeds doth dream,
Merchants o'th' Sea, the *Husbandman* of's Team,
Lawyers of Strife, and *Sportſmen* of their Game.
Sleep theDay's Pleaſures doubles in the Night,
And kindly repreſents what doth delight;
Death's younger Brother! --------
The firſt Eſſay of our Mortality;
The First, that learns us, what it is to dy!
A near agreement *Sleep* and *Death* do keep,
"Sleep's a ſhort Death and Death a longer ſleep.
In ſleep our buſineſs with the World is done,
What's acted, or what's ſpoke, to us unknown:
Secret, as when we in the Grave lie down.
We'r unconcern'd at th' buz and Noiſe of things,
At the Erection or the fall of *Kings.*
No Plots nor deep Deſigns in hand we have,
Are but one ſtep on this ſide of the Grave.
The *Duſt* doth equal all, and *Sleep* doth ſo:
Alike to both, *Monarchs* and *Captives* bow:
While faſt their ſences ſleepy Fetters bind,
No difference We 'twixt *Prince* and *Peaſant* find;
All ſenceleſs Lumps of fleſh alike; nor can
The *Wiſe* be ſever'd from the *Fooliſh* Man.
Both may have Dreams, and both alike confus'd;
Chance governs all, where *Wiſdom* is not us'd.

And *Peaſants* may have Dreams as great and high,
As thoſe that fill the head of *Majeſty*.
They'r breathing Mummies all, and till they wake,
Wiſdom or *Greatneſs* no Diſtinction make.

Martial's Ague. *Lib.* 10. *Ep.* 45.

IN ſighs, *Leutinus*, thou doſt ſpend the Days,
And wonder'ſt much ſo long thy Ague ſtays.
With Thee in gilded Coach it lolls at eaſe,
With Thee doth ſup on far-fetch'd Rarities:
With Generous Liquor drunk it ſtill is thine,
And knows no Water, but what cooles the Wine,
Crowned with Roſes and with Perfumes ſpred,
Sleeps upon Down and reſts on Purple Bed.
With Thee ſo entertain'd, what ſhould it do?
Would'ſt have it to an half-ſtarv'd Wretch to go?

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem. Hor.

WE all prize Life; and yet how ſhort's the Date?
Not worth the trouble we are daily at.
Preſs'd with the load of Years, with Life we'r pleas'd,
With both our Arms, tho wretched, 'tis embrac'd.
Unhappy man! curs'd with a double Woe,
With Life's Vexation and its Shortneſs too.
How bleſſed was our uncorrupted State;
When from God's Hand we dropt Immaculate?

Ere

E're Nature had from Vice receiv'd its ſtain,
E're the Creation's *Glory* had its Bane.
When Moderation kept in drink and meat,
Men eat to Live, and did not Live to eat;
Before luxurious *Variety*
Had taught our Fathers Immature to dy.
When *Nature* open'd her unrifled ſtore,
By former Ages never touch'd before,
Which flouriſh'd in its freſh unbafled Power.
When Native Knowledge o're the Soul was ſpread,
That could the uſe of *Herbs* and *Mettals* read,
And all, that might draw out Life's tender thread.
When benign Influences of the Stars
Contributed to Length of Happy Years,
That Thoſe, who many Ages liv'd, might find
Thoſe needfull Arts, of uſe to Humane kind.
We, of all Generations far the worſt,
In Time, in Place, and in our Selves accurs'd,
In the groſs *Lees* o'th' Elements do dwell,
With nauſeous Air and putrid Matter ſwell:
A *Place*, refined Souls would think an *Hell*.
Where old Decrepit *Nature*, thrô Decay,
Doth feeble, weak, inglorious Births diſplay;
Robb'd of her priſtine ſtore, the ſpirits fled,
The ſhortliv'd ſhadows withered Look and dead.
But yet the greateſt and worſt part of Woe,
Unhappy Man unto Himſelf doth owe!
We by our *Vice* our Natures do deprave,
We by *Intemperance* make too ſoon our Grave.
Paſſions do Knowledge blaſt and Reaſon blind,
And wear at once our Body and our *Mind*.
No wiſe deſigns for future times we lay,
Confin'd to the ſmall Compaſs of *to day*.
Nature hath made us Wretched, but *We* more;
Fate curſes us, and *we* add to the ſtore.

Woes;

Woes from our ſelves, or outward Cauſes, bred
With our own hands *We* pull down on our head.
A *Vertuous Life* would all theſe ills remove;
Our Nature, Years, and Knowledge, would improve;
Would render our ſhort Lives more bleſt, and fair,
Than theirs, that did ſo many Ages wear.
This Life's in order to an *other* State,
The End and Crown doth upon *Death* await:
The Way to Happineſs is thrô that Gate.
And in our Life it matters not to tell,
How many Years we've lived, but how Well.

Martial *Lib. 9. Ep. 15.*

DOST think, He whom thy liberal Table drew,
Can ever be to *Love* or *Friendſhip* true? ---
He loves thy Mullets, Oyſters, and not *Thee*:
Could I ſo entertain him, hee'd love Me.

The Battle between a Cock *and a* Capon. Lamport 1682.

LET other Poets treat of lofty Things,
The riſe of States and fall of Captive Kings:
A lower ſubject doth my Muſe invite,
An humbler Theme, but of no leſs Delight.
A bloody Battle late was fought between
Two Combatants of different hopes and Meine.
One, the proud Captain of the brooding Race,
That doth the Yard o'th' careſull *Houſwife* grace:
With tender Chuck calls the admiring Rout,
And proudly leads th' obſequious *Hens* about:

The

The drowſie Peaſant's Clock, whoſe wakefull throat
Doth Midnight's ſhades and Day's approach denote:
Calls up from his courſe Bed the ſnoring Hind,
Whom Sleep's ſtrong fetters do ſecurely bind,
While guilty Greatneſs can no Quiet find.
The Creature, whom enjoyment can't appeaſe,
But Raves in luſt, and Rivals all his Race;
Not a *Seraglio* his Deſires can pleaſe.
Impatient Luſt doth in his Viſage lie,
And deadly Rage dwells in his bloody Eye.
The *Other* of the Combatants was one
Of meaner hopes and expectation:
Not much unlike in ſhape, but much in Meine,
Nor Male, nor Female, but a ſort between.
Monſter! not made by Nature, but by Art;
Whoſe ſex the carefull *Houſewife* did impart:
Who conſcious, *Luſt* did fret the Nerves away,
And on Life's Balſame did too freely prey,
With bloody Knife did rob him of the prize,
Where *Love* is plac'd, and ſome ſay, *Courage* lies.
Angry with all the World for th' Inju'ry done,
A melancholly ſullen Creature grown,
He Conſort ſhuns, and loves to be alone.
Ghaſtly and pale he look'd, whether for fear,
Or rage at the Misfortunes, he did bear,
Or want of generous ſpirits and active fires,
Which daring uncontrouled Love inſpires:
Each part unſeemly look'd, but moſt of all
The bending Feathers of his uſeleſs *Tail.*
The Combat nois'd, to the unuſual Sport
A gallant Train of Noble Youth reſort.
All do the *Caſtrate's* ſneaking looks deride,
And give their ſuffrage o'th' proud Champion's ſide.

Till

Till from the reſt * *One*, born of noble Race,
Whom *Honour*, *Beauty*, *Wit*, and *Worth* did grace;
Whether it was his perſpicacious Eye
Did growing ſparks of hidden Valour ſpy;
(And who of Valour greater Judge than *He?*)
Or that he ſcorn'd to walk i'th' beaten road,
The common Path, that all the Vulgar trod;
Or that, as generous Spirits do, He choſe
To lend his help unto the weaker cauſe,
As *Cato* did thô Gods did him oppoſe:
Caſtrate's Defence he took, and thus he ſpoke.
"*Narſes* did once an Empire's fate revoke:
"Renown with Kingdoms he did bravely win,
"And Victory ſat on his beardleſs Chin.
"*Europe* and *Aſia* ſtill deplore the fate,
"That *Sinan Baſſa's* Valour did create!
"Both fill'd with Fame and Honourable ſcars;
"Unfit for *Venus*, fit for *Mars's* Wars.
O're *Caſtrate's* Soul the pleaſing Accents ſpread,
And lifted up his long-dejected Head.
Great thoughts in his depreſſed Mind did grow,
And glowing Heat thrô every Limb did flow,
From valiant Race he ſprung, (if Fame ſays true)
And his Deſcent from bloody Warriours drew:
Till Numerous Injuries and long Diſgrace
(Scorn'd and contemn'd by all the female Race)
His high-born generous Spirit did debaſe.
But now ſwell'd up by Praiſe to bloody Fight,
Praiſe, that the Coward doth to Fame excite,
With deep Revenge his Soul doth inward bleed,
And Jealouſie doth on his Liver feed,
A Jealouſie from Impotence that's bred.
Rage, Madneſs, and Revenge his ſoul poſſeſs,
And his torn Heart to mighty Acts addreſs.

* *Sr Juſtinian Iſham.*

Fierce

Fierce *Chanticleer* with haughty ſcornfull Pride
And mix'd Diſdain over the Pit did ſtride,
And did th' Unworthy Combatant deride:
But, ſee'ing at laſt he did to fight prepare,
He gives the ſignal to th' unlucky Warr,
With that ſhrill Note, that ope's the *Morning's* Eye,
That dreadfull Note, that makes even *Lions* fly:
And with Revenge, which his proud Soul did ſwell,
He like a Tempeſt on his Enemy fell.
Both met, both others heightned Courage try'd,
And in deep Gore their ſhining Weapons died.
The Cautious *Caſtrate* let his eager Foe
In haughty Vaunts and ſcorn his ſtrength beſtow:
Diſgrace and long-felt Shame had made him wiſe,
Taught him grave Arts and uſefull Policies:
How to beguile a fierce and eager Foe,
How to ward off, and how return a Blow;
With circling winding Courſe his Foe deceive,
And deadly and unlook'd-for wounds to give.
To make his Enemie's fierceneſs uſeleſs ſtill,
To fly and wound, and *Parthian-like* to kill.
With various fortune the event they try,
One doth on Force, th' other on Fraud rely,
And *Victory* with equal wings doth fly.
Beſmeard with gore, with blood and fury red,
Blood they drink down, and ſhowers of blood they ſhed.
With loſs of blood at length the *Cock* grows faint,
And doth, too late, thoſe fiery ſpirits want,
Which he ſo prodigally ſpent to pleaſe
The Luſt of all his Speckled Miſtreſſes:
Finds, what his glory was, his ſhame doth grow,
And *Luſt*, that heightens, doth enervate too.
Yet ſcorning longer a baſe Foe to' engage,
He ſummons the remains of force and rage:

One blow he with united Forces made.
And *Caſtrate* ſenſeleſs on the Pavement laid.
Netled with the Diſgrace, brave *Caſtrate* roſe:
Diſgrace, that ſparks of hidden Valour blows,
Ferments within, and wakes the ſleeping ſeeds,
That many years lay dead, to gallant deeds.
All, that from Rage or wrankled Malice flow,
All, that Revenge or Jealouſie can ſhow,
All, that paſt Scorn, Diſgrace, or biting Slight;
All in one fatal bloody Blow unite;
Which ſtrow'd the *Cock* ſupinely on the ground,
While Blood and Life flow'd from the gaping wound.
Caſtrate on his fall'n Foe with pride did tread,
And lifting up his late-dejected Head,
He would have *Crow'd*, to ſhow the Victory;
But barr'd by former wrongs that faculty,
He *Cackled* ſomething out, which thoſe, that know
The Tongue, he ſpoke in, do interpret ſo.
" Here the Inſulting Conquerour doth lie,
" Mighty in *Venus* School, that could ſupply
" The Love of twenty *Hens*, and every Morn
" With fiery Luſt his bluſhing Cheeks adorn.
"*Venus* and *Mars* have different ways of fight;
" One doth in *Love*, th' other in *Rage* delight:
"*Courage* reſides i'th' noble ſeat the *Heart*;
" But *Love's* confin'd unto a *lower Part*.

Olympias's *Lamentation over Dead* Alexander.

VAin Youth! to what amounts now all thy Toil,
Or what Enjoyment haſt thou of thy Spoil?

That,

That, which with the Expence of ſweat and blood
Thou dearly bought'ſt, is ſhar'd by th' wrangling Crowd.
Each on thy Spacious Empire ſets his Eye,
And Thou neglected doſt unburied ly.
Alive the trembling World to Thee did pray,
To Thee, now dead, none doth Obedience pay.
Thy former Deeds forgotten, by thy ſide
Thy fear, thy Reverence, and Authority di'd.
Nor could'ſt Thou, out of all thy Conqueſts, ſave
So much ground, as would ſerve Thee for a Grave.
The World but Yeſterday thou thought'ſt too ſmall,
And ſcornd'ſt the Narrow compaſs of this *Ball:*
Thy Towring thoughts and thy Deſigns laid low,
Seven foot of ground thy Burial place will grow;
But even that common Right thou wanteſt now.
Thy wild Ambition up to Heaven would ſoar,
Made ſervile Prieſts thy Altars to adore:
Alive thou we'rt inroll'd with Gods above,
But Death Thee truly did a Mortal prove:
Thy Death unravell'd all, thy Life had Wove.
Better, hot Boy, thou hadſt in *Greece* remain'd,
And o're thy Native Land in quiet reign'd:
Than thus the peace o'th' Injur'd World to break,
And unjuſt Spoils from faultleſs Nations take:
And for thy Glorious Robberies, but to claim
The whole World's Curſes and a *Poſthume* Fame.

Big with great Schemes and flattering hopes we dy:
New crowding Numbers do the Soul employ,
While others ſwell up to Maturity:
Death cloſes up the Scene of Actions paſt,
And the imperfect *Embrio's* into Air do waſt.

On a Robin-red-breaſt, *that for many years built and dwelt in a Church.*

I.

PRoud *Man* with high conceits doth ſwell,
And wonders of's own Worth doth tell:
Vainly believes, that he alone
Hath any Notion of *Religion.*
But they, bleſt Bird, that hear thy Songs, believe
The Trueſt Devotion in thy Breaſt doth live.
No *Envy*, *Pride*, or *Diſcontent* dwells there;
No factious *Intereſt*, mean Deſigns, or Fear,
Nor do *Hypocriſy* thy Actions wear.

II.

Angels are ſaid their Prayers to Join
With holy Men in Acts Divine:
Thou mak'ſt the *Chorus*, when we pray,
And when we praiſe, thou ſing'ſt thy cheerfull Lay.
To higheſt flights thy warm Devotion goes,
Thou op'ſt the Morning, and the Day doſt cloſe.
Thou by thy Carolls own'ſt a Deity,
To th' Altar doſt for Sanctuary fly,
And wiſeſt Men can only follow Thee.

III.

And if thoſe Ancient Dreams be true,
That Souls thrô many changes go;
Some pious Mind, That wanted Reſt,
Came and took up thy Zealous flaming Breaſt.

We

We here below with miſts and Errours deal,
What Language Angels ſpeak, there's none can tell;
Nor know we, but thoſe Airs, that pleas'd our Soul,
That did in high *Seraphick* Numbers roul,
Might be ſome *Hallelujah*, Thou had'ſt ſtole.

On the Death of a Monkey.

I.

HEre *Buſy* and yet *Innocent* lyes Dead,
Two things, that ſeldom meet:
No Plots nor Stratagems diſturb'd his head,
Or's merry Soul did fret:
He ſhew'd like Superannuated *Peer*,
Grave was his look, and *Politick* his Air;
And he for *Nothing* too ſpent all his care.

II.

But that he died of Diſcontent, 'tis fear'd,
Head of the *Monkey* Rout;
To ſee ſo many Brother *Apes* preferr'd,
And he himſelf left out:
On all below he did his Anger ſhowr,
Fit for a Court did all above adore,
H'had *Shows* of Reaſon, and few *Men* have more.

Advice to a Deſpairing Lover.

I.

WHY, ſilly Wretch, wil't pine and dy,
And unregarded ly?

Thou

Thou never ſure did'ſt think to move
Either her Pitty, or her Love,
That's free from paſſion, like the Gods above.

II.

Let dy with Thee thoſe hopes, that fed
Theſe follies in thy head:
The *Sun* doth never ceaſe to fly,
Nor th' *Moon* her wonted Courſe lays by,
Becauſe a ſilly peeviſh Worm will dy.

III.

Monarchs may dy; and yet ſtern Fate
Flies at the wonted rate:
The Laws of Nature ſtill wheel on,
And their unerring Courſe do run,
And no new grief doth ſtop their Motion.

IV.

Why then wilt thou reſign thy Breath,
Since ſhe minds not thy Death?
She, like the Stars, perhaps may ſee;
But plac'd in her Felicity,
She can't have ſence of ſorrow, or of *Thee*.

V.

Thou by thy Death wilt add one more,
One *Victim* to the Store,
And as thoſe Heaps, in Battail ſlain,
Are known by Number, not by Name,
Thou nothing by thy Death, but Death ſhalt gain.

VI. So

VI.

So do the unregarded Fry,
Like Beaſts neglected dy;
And after ſome few Years of ſleep
Oblivion o're their Names doth creep;
And their left Friends ſcarce their Remembrance keep.

Death's *Warning.*

A *Gallant* liv'd in Pride of Youthfull Powers,
Lull'd in ſoft Eaſe, bleſs'd Health, and tender hours:
Whoſe Eaſy Mind ne're ruffled was with Care,
Nor did the Toyl, or Load of Buſineſs bear:
Ne're knew Concern, but an Intreague of Love,
Nor beyond that amuzing Court did rove.
But ſtretch'd in ſhades he like an *Indian* lay,
To every ſmiling Moment's Birth did play,
And drank and danc'd and ſang the Circling Years away.
To whom *Death* did in griezly ſhape appear,
Unerring *Death,* that doth to all repair,
Meets us in Beds of Down, as well as Fields of War.
Th' Officious *Fiend* doth on our footſteps tread,
Dreſſes in every Shape his hatefull Head,
As oft in what we Love, as what we dread.
The *Poor* beneath their troubles groaning dy,
The Rich expire in Exſtaſies of Joy:
The *Manner* differs, not the *Deſtiny.*
Th' Amazed *Spark*, ſtruck with a cold ſurprize,
Who had with pleaſing Objects fed his Eyes,
Found at the ſight, wild Notions fill'd his head,
And all his Youthfull Warmth and Vigour fled.

Till

Till he, recover'd from his deep amaze,
Ask'd the *Grim Shape*, from whence, and what He was.
To whom the *Spectre* with inſulting pride,
Lifting his Conquering Arm on high reply'd.----
" I'me the world's Monarch; to Me Princes bow,
" Scepters and Crowns do at my feet fall low.
" At my Command the ſuppliant Numbers come,
" And take their fixt inevitable Doom.
" All Creatures do beneath my Empire lie;
" And willing, or unwilling, they muſt die.
The Pointed Accents the Young Spark did hear,
Being already almoſt dead for fear;
And cry'd, " My tender Youth (great *Monarch*) ſpare.
" I am a feeble, unreſiſting, Prey,
" Too mean for your Victorious hand to ſlay.
" 'Twill ſully all your former glorious Fame,
" To ſay, You ſuch a Proſtrate overcame.
" The rugged *Souldier* doth your force defie,
" And loudly calls on You, that from him fly.
" Dares you in your own Realm, the Scenes of blood,
" Where ſcatter'd Members o're the Fields are ſtrow'd.
" The wretched *Priſoner* your Relief demands,
" And begs his wiſh'd-for Freedom from your hands,
" That can his fetters loſe and break his Bands.
" Deſpairing *Lovers*, that no Joy do know,
" Do hope to find in You an End of Woe.
" You fly from thoſe, that do defie your power,
" Are deaf to thoſe, that do your Aid implore. ---
" Humble the *Haughty*, with the *Wretch* comply;
" And let untouch'd the proſtrate *Suppliant* lie.
Death ſeem'd to ſuch a ſoft entreaty kind;
If ever he to Pitty was inclin'd,
(But Wiſemen ſay, he's *Deaf*, as well as *Blind*.)

And

And told him, He his unripe Youth would ſpare,
But bad him for his next Approach prepare,
For he would then no vain excuſes hear.
Th' emboldned Youth acknowledg'd his high ſway,
And promis'd, his next Summons to obey;
But begg'd, he might have notice of the Day.
To whom *Death* cry'd, "You ſhall have what you crave,
"You ſhall of my Approach due warning have.
Glad of's Departure the Joy'd Youth aroſe,
Lapp'd his late frighted Soul in ſoft Repoſe:
Sang *Requiems* to his now-compoſed Mind,
Taſted each pleaſure, that look'd fair or kind:
Did ſet no bounds to' impetuous Deſire,
Freely embrac'd what Paſſion did require.
Ne're thought of *Death* more, or the threatned Grave
Which Melancholly dreadfull Proſpects gave,
But ſtill on this rely'd, *He ſhould a Warning have.*
No Preparations for's Departure made,
But to the Time of *Age* that Work delay'd,
And hop'd, that Debt ev'en then might be defray'd.
At laſt unlook'd-for *Death* approach did make
And him did from's enchanted ſlumber wake:
Who loudly at the Injury did rave,
And taxed *Death*, that he *no Warning gave.*
Who, ſmiling with a Grin, in Scorn reply'd,
"My Juſtice in all Ages hath been try'd:
"With equal feet to *Crowns* and *Spades* I come,
"None are *above*, none are *below*, my Doom.
"I've kept my promiſe; I fair *warning gave*,
"Each time you ſlept, I warn'd You of the Grave.
"*Sleep* is my Younger Brother, we dwell nigh;
"And there's but one ſtep betwixt Him and Me.
"I i'th' laſt *Feaver* did to you appear,
"And when the *Dropſie* ſeiz'd You, I was near.

" Your Nerves in *Luſt* and in *Debauch'ry* broke,
" Your *Palſie* Hands in drunken Revels ſhook,
" Loudly with preſſing ſighs did on You call:
" But You, regardleſs You, was Deaf to all.
" You ſcap'd before, and hop'd ſtill ſo to doe,
" Far from your thoughts did drive the Day of Wo,
" You would not hear me call, nor will I you.
Th' Aſtoniſh'd *Youth* but little had to ſay,
And Death, who now refus'd to hear him Pray,
With one ſtroke even to *That* did ſtop the Way.

On a Sunbeam.

I.

THou Beauteous Off-ſpring of a Syre as Fair;
With thy kind Influence thou doſt all things heat:
Thou gild'ſt the Heaven, the Sea, the Earth, and Air,
And under maſſy Rocks doſt Gold beget.
Th' opaque dull *Earth* thou doſt make fine,
Thou doſt ith' *Moon* and *Planets* ſhine;
And if *Aſtronomy* ſay true,
Our *Earth* to them doth ſeem a *Planet* too.

II.

How unaccountable thy Journeys prove!
Thy ſwift Courſe thrô the Univerſe doth fly,
From lofty heights in diſtant Heavens above,
To all that at the lowly Center ly.
Thy Parent *Sun* once in a Day
Thrô Heaven doth ſteer his well-beat way;
Thou of a ſwifter ſubtler breed
Doſt every *Moment* his *Day's* Courſe exceed.

III. Thy

III.

Thy Common preſence makes thee little priz'd,
Which if we once had loſt, wee'd dearly Buy:
How would the Blind hugg, what's by us deſpis'd?
How welcome wouldſt thou in a *Dungeon* be?
Thrice-wretched thoſe, in Mines are bred,
That from thy ſight are buried,
When all the Stores, for which they try,
Neither in Uſe, nor Beauty, equal Thee.

IV.

Could there be found an Art to fix thee down,
And of condenſed Rays a Gem to make,
'Twould be the brighteſt Luſtre of a Crown,
And an eſteem invaluable take,
New Wars would the tir'd World moleſt,
And new *Ambition* fire Mens breaſt,
More Battels fought for it, than e're
Before for Love, Empire, or Treaſure, were.

V.

Thou'rt quickly born and doſt as quickly die:
Pitty ſo fair a Birth to fate ſhould fall!
Now here and now in abject Duſt doſt lie;
One Moment 'twixt thy Birth and Funeral.
Art thou, like *Angels*, only ſhown,
Then to our Grief for ever flown?
Tell me, *Apollo*, tell me where
The *Sunbeams* go, when they do diſappear.

The Athenian *Madman.*

I.

IN *Athens*, once the Nurſe of Arms and Arts,
Where Wit and Learning fix'd their ſeat,
(Sometimes even there doth *Folly* meet,
For Nature variouſly her Gifts imparts:)
A *Madman* dwelt, the Laughter of the Town,
Who every Morning to the Port went down,
And thought all Ships, that enter'd, were his own.

II.

The Captains Hail'd, did for the Cockets call;
Enquir'd what Riches were on board,
What Merchandizes they had ſtor'd;
And what miſhaps did in their Voyage fall.
Did his commands upon his ſervants lay;
To various parts the *Cargo* ſent away,
To Merchants all, or ſtorehouſe, did convey.

III.

Nor was his (ſo diſpis'd) a curſed ſtate;
An Innocent *Madneſs* him doth ſeize,
A Frenzy, that his Mind doth pleaſe;
And uncontrouled thoughts upon him wait.
He thinks he's Happy and he's therefore ſo.
Believes he's Rich, and Wealth in Streams do flow:
He hugs the thought, *and thence doth bleſſed grow.*

IV. How

IV.

How many Men, than he, more raving are,
Who are amidſt their Treaſure poor,
And pine and ſtarve in ſwelling ſtore,
And might be happy, if they thought they were.
It is not Riches, that *Content* can win,
The ſecret we muſt to our heart reſign,
Content lives not without, but dwells within.

V.

We all alike do Happineſs deſire,
Yet commonly the Treaſure looſe:
The *Madman* doth, what's preſent chooſe,
He thinks no farther, nor doth more require.
Fancy makes him, what others fain would grow;
A ſerious Judgment doth ſmall difference know,
'Twixt *being* Happy, and 'twixt *thinking* ſo.

Martial's *happy Life.* Vitam quæ faciunt, &c. *Lib.* 10. *Ep.* 45.

WHat things our Life do happy make
From me, my ſweeteſt *Martial*, take.
A left *Eſtate*, not got with pain;
A fruitfull *Field*, that ſwells with grain;
A *Kitching*, that is ever warm;
Life free from Quarrels and from Harm.
Rarely to be concern'd with State,
Never to' have *Law-ſutes*, or debate;
But on the Mind *Content* to wait.

The

The *Strength* intire and *Body ſound*,
And *Innocence* with *Prudence* crown'd:
An Equal and a Faithfull *Friend*,
Diſcourſe, that may in *Pleaſure* end,
Nor *Feaſts*, that may to *Riot* tend.
No *drunken* Nights, yet *ſuch*, as may
Waſh off the ſully of the Day.
No lonely *Bed*, yet One, that's *chaſt*;
And *Sleep*, that tedious Nights may waſt.
With what we have to be *Content*,
Nor, what we have not, to reſent:
Not fear our laſt approaching Day,
And yet not raſhly fling our Life away.

Advice to a Virgin.

FAir blooming Beauty, left without defence,
Nothing to guard Thee, but thine Innocence!
Whoſe unexperienc'd Mind no ill doth know,
But Judges all things good, 'cauſe Thou art ſo.
Little thou think'ſt, what Dangers Thee ſurround,
What Plots and Stratagems laid under ground;
Which the fond Lovers, in thy Rays that play,
Againſt thy Innocent Deſigns do lay:
And thô they crouch beneath your ſparkling Eyes,
Each boldly hopes, that You will be his Prize.
'Tis all great *Fortunes* and great *Beauties* get,
The *One* to buy th' *Other* to invite, *Deceit*.
For barren Countries none will ever fight,
'Tis the rich Soil the Conqueſt doth invite.
To gather common Stones no labour ſtrives,
'Tis for rich Gems the Sun-burnt *Negro* dives.

Where

Where Plenty ſprings, or where rich Mines abound,
The Victory with due Rewards is Crown'd;
To Birds and Beaſts is left the *Barren* ground.
Guard then your Beauty; 'tis a Dangerous Store,
A Fatal Treaſure, that hath Ruin'd more,
Than e're were Wretched made by being poor.
Expect then often Storms; all are your Foes,
What e're their Countenance, or Behaviour ſhows,
That would poſſeſs thoſe Treaſures, You diſcloſe.
Let *Vertue* Rule, and *Prudence* be your Guide,
All *Vice* and the *Suſpicion* of't avoid.
Be Vertuous and be thought ſo; Few there be,
That dare attempt upon Your Chaſtity,
If no unwary Action did precede,
By which they gather'd hopes, they might Succeed.
" Fame's quickly loſt and ne're to be retriev'd,
" And Rumour, true or falſe, blaſts, if believ'd.
You're *Angels*, while You do admit no Stain;
But when You fall, You *Mortals* are again.
See that fair *Flower*, the Glory of the Field,
That did enchanting Joy and Pleaſure yield,
By ſome rude Hand crop'd in its height of Pride;
How, all its Beauty fled, it withering died.
See but the *Snow*; like You, 'tis Starry bright,
While no warm touch doth taint its Native White:
But if ought doth its Virgin-Beauty ſtain,
Not all Earth's Treaſures can reſtore't again.
Nor let (fair Piece of Nature) Your young Years
Be drawn away with Lovers vows and tears.
Love every Paſſion, it doth ſee, can *Ape*,
The changing *Proteus* puts on every ſhape.
Whom Love doth ſeize, he ſtrait grows Eloquent,
And Streams of Words flow from deſire and want:

Mind

Mind not the Trifles, on Mens lips that grow;
'Tis Scum, that from their boyling Breaſts doth flow;
Free of their Oaths, but in performance ſlow.
Impunity renders the Traytors ſafe,
Even *Jove* at Lovers perjuries doth laugh.
Your Yielding Mind let not vain preſents bend,
Beware of Gifts an Enemy doth ſend:
They are the price they'd buy You at, and when
You are their own, the Gifts are theirs again.
Be deaf to Flattery; it deludes the Mind,
And oft, when all Arts fail, doth entrance find.
But then's moſt Danger, we ſhould to't reſign,
When't meets with that *Arch-Flatterer* within.
Ne're dream, that *Conſtancy* in Man reſides,
Who leſs i'th' Prize, then in the Conqueſt Prides.
In *Love* and in *Ambition* what Men have,
They ſlight, and for what they poſſeſs not, rave.
One Conqueſt got, another fills the Mind,
Nor can the greateſt Treaſures keep't confind.
Of Thoughts and of Deſires no bounds are known,
Nor can the brighteſt Beauty fix Love down.
Nor will Preëminence more be You allow'd,
Once got, you're loſt among the Common Crowd.
No greater Privilege will Your Beauty gain,
But in the Maſs of things will Scorn'd remain,
Nor but for change be viſited again.
The taſting *Bee* doth ſearch the ſecret Bowers,
And rifles all the Beds of ſilver flowers:
Nor Roſe, nor Lilly, can inforce his ſtay;
Freſh ſweets the winged *Chymiſt* call away.
Untouch'd You'll th' object of their Worſhip be;
Yielding You do at their Diſcretion ly,
And when the Thief hath robb'd, he'll *hate* and *fly*.
See! The throat-parched *Wretch*, whom Thirſt doth fire,
Approaches the cool Fount with hot deſire. He

He bows his Head, and kneels upon the brink,
And freely o'th' tranſparent Waves doth drink.
Refreſh'd, he careleſs doth purſue his way,
No thanks to th' charitable *Nymph* doth pay,
Nor her once-rav'ſhing Charms can beg his ſtay:
Riſes and ſlights what he did late adore;
Turns his ungratefull Back, never to ſee her more.----
Thus ſang my Friend--- But did Fair Martha *know*
The Truth *and Love, that in my Soul do flow;*
Her Virgin-Sweets She'd to my Arms reſign,
Bleſs Me, *and bleſs Her Self in being Mine.*
No Goddeſs *e're deſerv'd ſo well as She!*
And no True Lover *e're exceeded Me.*

The Twelve Rules of Friendſhip *to my Worthy Friend, M^r* Joſhua Barnes, B. D. *Preſident of* Emmanuel *College in* Cambridge.

FRiendſhip's the pureſt, the Divineſt Love,
The onely Paſſion, *Angels* know above:
Where purg'd from Matter Souls do truly join,
Abſtracted from all ſordid low deſign,
And where no Mixture of the *Sex* creeps in.
The *Gordian* Knot, that nothing can unty,
No Time can wear, nor date of Age deſtroy.
Whoſe Rules, without the gawdy Dreſs of Art,
Accept from Him, who freely ſends his Heart.

FIRST RULE.

No Supercilious Look, no *Cato's* brow,
No ſurly State, or Pride, in *Friendſhip* ſhow.

Act not a Maſter, or Superior's part
But freely to your *Friend* diſcloſe your Heart.
When *Friendſhip's* bonds concording Hearts do tie,
Why ſhould a diſtance 'twixt the Perſons lie?

II.

Be Deaf to Rumour, and to whiſper'd Lyes,
Which wicked Arts and Envious Tongues deviſe.
Detraction's ſecret-wounding Arrows fly
Silent as *Night*, and Black as *Deſtiny*.
Still keep *One* Ear for what your *Friend* may ſay:
Fame may deceive; in *Juſtice* Hear his Plea.

III.

No baſe, mean Action of your *Friend* deſire,
Nor baſely act for Him, if *He* require.
Do vertuouſly, you'll pleaſe your vertuous *Friend*,
If not, let *Friendſhip*, not your *Vertue*, end:
That *Friendſhip's* bad, which *Vertue* can't commend.

IV.

Warn him of Dangers, which he doth not ſee
Thrô *Ignorance*, or *Inadvertency*;
Chiefly thoſe Snakes, that under *Flowers* repoſe,
Pretended Friends, the very worſt of Foes:
From *theſe* our treacherous Diſappointments riſe;
Theſe know our Hearts, with *theſe* we do adviſe;
But Guard our ſelves from *Open Enemies*.

V.

Cauſleſs *Suſpicions* ſhun; they taint the Mind,
And make the beſt-meant Actions ſeem unkind.
Shew not too quick a ſenſe of Injuries,
Our greateſt Griefs do from Opinion riſe.
He, that on Trivial Grounds doth Frantick grow,
Doth live *Uneaſie*, and makes Friendſhip ſo.

VI. Ho-

VI.

Honour your Friend's brave Acts with worthy Praiſe,
But don't your Eulogies to Flattery raiſe.
Labour'd Expreſſions flote above the Heart,
The Product not of Nature, but of Art.
Yet been't too ſparing: If Extremes muſt be,
Let them upon the ſide of Kindneſs lie.

VII.

Severely Blame his faults, but Taunting ſpare.
Scorn from a Friend the deadli'eſt Sting doth wear,
And in a *Friend's* diſguiſe a *Foe* is there.
Chide but with Goodneſs, blame with Clemency:
Publick Reproofs are kin to Calumny.
Comfort Him, if his Shame or Grief abound,
And pour in Oyl, when you have ſearch'd the Wound.

VIII.

Speak well of Him; but ſhun officious Lies:
Immoderate Praiſes turn to Injuries.
Defend him Abſent; Vindicate his Name,
And boldly from *Detraction* free his Fame.
Nay, if he's Juſtly taxt, excuſe his Fault,
With all, from Truth, or Prudence, can be brought.

IX.

Be in your Kindneſs generous and free,
Give, but upbraid not: *That* turns Injury.
And when his Gratitude he'd make appear,
Accept his Preſents, thô but mean they are.
Deſpiſe no Gift, that doth from Love proceed:
Slights and unkindneſs make Love deeply bleed.

X.

Counſel him Faithfully; let not Advice
From your Advantage or Deſigns ariſe.

We're all ill Judges of our Acts: Bleſs'd he,
Can with Impartial Eyes and Judgment ſee,
And hath a Friend, on whom he can rely.
His Intereſt be your Aim, and Truth your Guide:
Adviſe on Safety, not on Favour's ſide.

XI.

Be Gallant in's defence: For no deſign,
Fear, or unworthy thoughts your Love decline.
To' his Aid thrô ſtrongeſt Oppoſition fly,
Nor draw your Hand back, till you've ſet him free.
Nothing's too dear for Friendſhip: For his ſake
Your Name, Eſtate, and Life lay down at ſtake.

XII.

Value and prize his Kindneſs, Love him high,
In gallant Actions with his Friendſhip vie.
Wear him ſtill next your Heart, the laſting ſtay,
When Health, Wealth, Pleaſure, Honour fly away:
The mighty *Cordial*, that doth eaſe our trouble
Divides our Griefs, and makes our Pleaſures double.

The Memorandum.

FRiendſhip can numerous *Mountain*-Faults paſs by;
They are but Molehills in a Friendly Eye:
And *Love* can Multitudes of Sins conceal.---
But He, that *Secrets doth reveal*,
And what's entruſted to his Breaſt doth tell;
Or He, that treacherouſly his *Friend doth ſmite*,
Whiſpers Reproach, and ſtabs him in the Night,
Forfeits to all theſe Laws his Right:
Branded like *Cain*, like *Cain* accurſed too,
Foe to the World, and all the World his Foe,
Never may He the Joys of ſacred *Friendſhip* know!

On

On the Phœnix.

I'M *Nature's* wonder, the Creation's glory,
Pride of *Arabia*, Prodigy of ſtory:
On whom profuſely Nature ſpends her ſtore,
And after for a thouſand years is Poor.
Wonder not then, ſhe *Me* alone doth make;
So much from her my ſingle Worth doth take,
Another coſt would Bankrupt *Nature* break.
I, to my ſelf both *Parent* am, and *Heir*;
My *Parent* Me, and I my *Parent* bear.
I'm always Diverſe, and am yet the Same;
Find a new *Life* by *dying* in the Flame:
Chang'd, yet unchang'd, thrô endleſs Ages I
Wear out *alone* a long Eternity.
Nor yet can I with all my Pomp and State
Keep Scandal off, th' Attendant of the Great;
The *Sceptick* World only believes, I'm bred
In the warm Climes of a *Romantick* head.
My tedious Years I without Joys delude
In my uncomfortable Solitude:
The Birds and Beaſts, and all the World beſides
At Spring's approach do chooſe their Loving Brides,
Into Extatick Charms the hours improve,
And melt the Circling Moments into Love.
Thoſe happy Minutes are to Me unknown,
Not all my Spices can their loſs attone;
But I am curs'd, becauſe I am Alone
" 'Tis oft the Lot o'th' eminently Great,
' To want thoſe Pleaſures, meaner Men await;
" *Captives* to Grandeur, and the *Slaves* of State.

An

An Epitaph on his Dear Friend Mr. Robert Cony, *the Younger, who died* November *the Ninth* 1681. *and lies buried in* Weypole-*Church in* Marchland Norf. *By* J. B.

IN Prime of Youth and near to Manhood drawn,
Here envious Night oppreſt my hopefull Dawn:
Before the Nuptial Crown adorn'd my Head;
Before I taſted of the Bridal Bed,
In Parent Duſt ſeal'd up to Death I lie
A ſad Example of Mortality.
Beauty and *Youth* and *Wit* and *Wealth* are vain;
For I had *All*: Yet all could not obtain
A ſhort Reprieve from the Unwelcome Grave:
The laſt Poſſeſſion, that Poor Man muſt have.
Then let All know, how Nought by Death's regarded;
And *Vertue's* in the other World rewarded.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. Joſhua Barnes B D. *Senior Fellow of* Emmanuel *College, on his Incomparable Hiſtory of King* EDWARD *the* Third, *&c.*

TO bring back *Fate*, which knows not to Return;
And raiſe the *Heroes* from their ſilent Urn;

Long-

Long-paſt revolving Ages to reſtore,
And Acts, done many hundred Years before,
Mauger Oblivion, in Juſt Garbs to dreſs,
And bring Auguſt *Shades* from their dark Receſs,
Out of the gloomy hidden Cave; where ly
Days paſt, like Dreams, and waning Moons ſlid by;
And mixed Heaps of loſt Mortality:
To raiſe the World anew; loſt Years to trace,
Make preſent Times to Ages paſt give place;
And Monarchs once again with their old Crowns to Grace:
Fame's quite-ſpent Lamp more brightly to Renew:-----
Seem'd, Learned *Friend*, a Task befitting *You*.

The Ancients dream'd of Charmes, that brought the Moon
From her bright Orb, ſtrugling, enraged, down:
But None could e're dark *Shades* to Life reſtore,
And break Fate's Adamantine Gates before;
Except *Alcides* and *Apollo's* * Son;
This *They* could do, and *You* as much have done:
Nay more, for *You* no common Life do give;
Your Heroes to Eternity do Live!
With this Addition to their ſmiling Fate,
You make them Happy, as You make them Great,
And add not onely to their *Life*, but *State*.
O d *Time* in Your Learn'd Work grows *Young* again:
In You our Valiant *Worthies* Live and Reign.
Their Souls, as Rivers under Mountains Dive
And after in the open Air revive,
In our Great WILLIAM and his Captains Live.
The Mighty *Grafton* like Your *Chandos* fell,
He liv'd, as *Bravely*, and He dy'd, as well:
To *Edward* That, and This to *William* Dear,
And both the GARTER'S honour'd Badge did wear:
Both dy'd too ſoon:--But both Immortal are.

* *Æſculapius.*

Nor

Nor do Your *Heroes* now Ignobly ſtand;
Once more they Influence their Native Land:
You give them Life, and they do Souls beſtow,
They actuate the Senceleſs Clods below;
Reading their Acts Cowards do Valiant grow.
Th' Effeminate Gallant, on his Bed of Eaſe,
Feels a new Warmth on all his Vitals ſeize;
Gets a new Soul from each enlivening Word,
Riſes a Champion, and calls for his Sword.
Nothing to' exalt our Glory doth remain,
But to Read *You*, and grow True *Engliſhmen*:
Your *Book* alone would armed Troops advance,
To claim once more our *long-loſt Right* to FRANCE.
How Boundleſs was Your Mind; to fill that Sphear,
Where ſparkling *Fame* did lofty Trophies rear!
How Fair and Beauteous Your Idæas were!
That could the Treaties, Councels, Battels, ſhow;
Stupendious Acts, that made even Fate to bow;
And but ſeem'd fit for Your BLACK-PRINCE to do.
That Reign of Wonder; Gem of Times; the Glory,
But hardeſt part, of all the *Engliſh* Story:
When one Sun by our Conquering Arms beheld,
Two Monarchs ſlain, a Third to quit the Field;
Two Captive Kings to *London*'s Tower were brought,
And injur'd Princes here for Comfort ſought.
Our *Edward* then, the whole World's Love and Fear,
Did at his Will the Fate of Kingdoms ſteer:
Held *Europe's* Ballance, and fix'd *Fortune's* Wheel,
And where he turn'd, made Fate's ſtrong Pillars reel.
To *Merit* more, than to *Poſſeſs*, did chooſe;
And proffer'd *Empire* bravely did refuſe.
When, Honour's Darling, his Victorious SON,
Kings, as He pleas'd, could make, or could dethrone:
And all the Neighbouring Monarchs thought their Crowns,
Fix'd with his *Smiles*, but tottering with his *Frowns*. When

When *England* was the Theatre of Fame,
And Warriours hither to gain Honour came:
Our EDWARD ſolely *Valour's* Umpire ſtood,
His Approbation made the *Brave* and *Good*.
Then High Exploits, and Acts on Vertue plac'd,
Above *French* Princes *Engliſh* Commons rais'd:
That *Subjects* (*Vertue* makes the meaneſt Great)
Five Kings at once could at their Tables treat.
When Victory due to Piety was given:
Their *Arms* forc'd Kingdoms and their *Prayers* took Heaven.
When *Valiant* and *Religious* Acts could meet,
Chriſtian and *Souldier* mutually did greet.
Hiſtory before was but like *Fairy* Land,
That thick with Monſters and wild Shapes did ſtand:
'Twas modell'd, not to' inſtruct; but cheat the Mind,
Truth and its uſefull Ends were left behind,
And all for Flattery and mean Arts deſign'd.
But You did all its Primitive Worth reſtore;
Truth never look'd ſo Beautifull before.
Above Expreſſion Soars the lofty Mind;
But You fit *Words* do for great *Actions* find.
Your lofty *Style's* fill'd with ſuch Manly Heat;
You could have *fought* the Battels, that You *writ*.
Bold and Expreſſive, fit for Godlike Men:
Mars tun'd Your Soul and *Phœbus* ſteer'd Your Pen.
Our Souls go, as we read; our Preſent State,
Is loſt i'th' Mighty Acts, that You relate;
We Joy at Good and Grieve at Adverſe Fate.
We Glorious Patterns in each Line do read,
And here we truly may *conſult the Dead*.
And now—— —— ——
You, Modern Sparks, that in degenerate *Eaſe*,
Or active *Vice* ſpend Your ignoble Days!

That ne're did crown'd with Forreign Trophies come,
But brought the Vices and Diſeaſes home:
Senceleſs of Fame to late Poſterity,
You can't be mention'd but for Infamy,
While Your great Sires embalm'd in Honour ly.
Read This---and bluſh to ſee, how You diſgrace
Thoſe Names, whom *Vertue* to the Stars did raiſe,
Your *Anceſtors*, their own and Nation's Fame,
You, their Degenerate Sons, to Both a Shame.
They Conquer'd *France*, which now Your Arms outbraves;
You're Apes to thoſe, were Your Forefathers Slaves.

Why then, my Friend, ſhould Your bright Rays be hid?
And You, that can new Life beſtow, ly Dead?
Show to the World, You are for all things fit,
In *Hiſtory* True, in * *Poetry* a Wit.
That Your *Black-Prince* can now in *You* acquire
What *Alexander* did in vain deſire,
An *Homer*, who his Godlike Acts might praiſe,
And ſound his Honour forth in endleſs Layes.
So ſung by You, ſhall *CRESSY*'s deathleſs Field,
Neither to *Homer*'s Pen, nor *Maro*'s yield.
But th' *Engliſh* Valour then ſhall ſoar as high,
As ever well-tongu'd *Greece* or *Rome* could fly.
Then Kings ſhall bribe Your Verſe, and each Crown'd Head
With emulous Strife ſhall beg Your *Muſe's* Aid:
Shall doe Great Acts, to be rehears'd by *You*;
And *Vertue* for *Your Praiſe's* ſake purſue.
The Greateſt Monarchs court You for their Friend,
And *Preſents*, to beſpeak your *Favour*, ſend:
Jealouſly ſtrive each other to outvie
In Gifts to *You*; Who can return them *Immortality*.

* *Poema* Latinum *Heroicum* Franciados *decem Libb.* 12. *jampiam abſolvendum.*

On

On Old Age.

I.

OLD-*Age*, the State we all deſire,
For none would immaturely die:
But Riddles in our Nature lie;
Thô we with frequent Prayers do it require;
Yet when Indulgent Heaven grants our Requeſt,
How are we with its Weight oppreſt?

II.

In vain we for *Content* do ſeek;
Tir'd with what doth to us betide,
We wiſh for things as yet untri'd,
Which, when we have obtain'd, we ſtill diſlike.
Gray hairs we pray for, yet when they are come,
We querulouſly curſe our Doom.

III.

So *Life* we do accept, and yet,
If we beforehand could foreſee
Of our few days the Miſery,
And had our choice, All would refuſe the Cheat.
At all Adventures it becomes our Lot,
And's given to thoſe, that know it not.

IV.

Except we early Victims fall,
Yet we this *State* muſt undergo:
When *Age* ſhall wrinkle *Celia*'s brow,
When *Milo* ſhall his ſhrunken Limbs bewail:
When all the Joys, do upon Youth attend,
Shall in unwelcome Aches end.

V.

Yet 'tis our fault, this State don't pleaſe;
Our *Youth* we fooliſhly engage,
And no Proviſion make for *Age*.
Inherent Vanity our Mind doth ſeize;
None of thoſe Vertues laid in ſtore, that might
Give to the wearied Mind delight.

VI.

The Wiſe and Vertuous well the Time can ſpend,
When the diſintereſted Mind
None of the Body's fetters bind;
But Peace and Fame do on Gray hairs attend:
When well-ſpent Days add to the Aged powers,
And to Old Years inſert Young hours.

VII.

The cooler hours of elder Days
Are well adapted to Delight,
On whom no turbulent Paſſions light:
'Tis folly that doth every ſtate debaſe.
" Nothing more monſtrous to the World appears,
" Than *Gray-hair'd Fools*, or *Children of old Years*.

Plutarch's *Serpent*.

A Subtle Serpent, that long time did reign
O're all the Subjects of the ſpacious Plain;
That often to old Age did Youth afford
And with his caſt-off Skin new ſtrength reſtor'd;
In his Divided boſome long did bear
The fatal ſeeds of an Inteſtine war.
Th' Ambitious *Tail*, that long time had been led
(And Juſtly too) by Conduct of the *Head*,

To

To *Jove* complain'd, that now it was but due,
That he ſhould Govern for a Day or two.
In anger *Jove* did to the prayer conſent
To teach Ambitious Fools to be content;
And a Decree unalterable made,
That in no caſe the *Head* ſhould lend his Aid.
The *Tail*, a part of great Activity,
But with a curſe annext, *It cannot ſee*,
With haughty Pride aſſumes the fatal ſtate,
And makes the once-commanding *Head* to wait:
What was his Lord doth in proud Triumph draw,
And now deſpiſes what once gave the Law.
Proud of the Government thrô Woods he hies,
O're Rocks and fatal Precipices flies.
The Head beholds the Danger and doth fear,
The ſtupid *Tail* hath neither Eye, nor Ear;
Nor Reaſon to perceive, when Danger's near.
Till, after many dreadfull Perils paſt,
The wrigling *Tail* in narrow holes at laſt,
And dark blind Caverns, is paſt help ſet faſt.
Forward he cannot, backward muſt not move,
And no way's left, but to Petition *Jove*.
Jove is implor'd, but's Deaf unto the cry,
In the deſerved plague doth let him die;
And to the World doth a ſad warning ſhew,
"*What*, when the *Rabble* governs, *will enſue*.

The Looking-Glaſs to Gellia.

FOR Intereſt Men know how to pleaſe,
And praiſe even your Deformities:
Wither'd and Old you ſhall be Young,
And purchaſe Beauty from their Tongue.

Not

Not your own Art their Wit ſhall want,
They'l doe in Words, what you in Paint.
If You do laugh, why? I laugh too;
If You do weep, to weep I know:
Yet think not, 'tis for flattery meant;
I what You are do repreſent.
When You was Young, I ſhow'd You ſo,
And alter, now You alter, too:
Yet thó I thus Extreams do try,
The Change in You not Me doth lie.
When You with Paint bedaub your Face;
And call back long-loſt Youthfull Grace:
When You new Sets of *Teeth* prepare;
And deck your *Head* with others Hair:
When You your hated *Breath* perfume,
And line your *Mouth*, that ſtinks of Rheume:
'Tis not my fault, that You look Fair;
I truly ſhow the Cheats, You wear.
With Shows You firſt the World deceive,
I back to You the Poiſon give.
Yet, faithleſs *Gellia*, know among
The Arts you have to make You Young,
Death can't be chouc'd with borrow'd Grace,
Nor will miſtake your Painted Face.
Not all your Inſtruments of Pride
Your Age's Date from him can hide.
Death knows his Time, will ſurely come,
And lay You *old* and *ugly* in your Tomb.

On Speech.

I.

THOU wondrous Modulation of the Air,
The brighteſt *Index* of the Heart:
Who all thoſe Lively Signatures doſt bear,
By which our thoughts to others We impart!

What

What elſe would in Oblivion's ſhadows ſleep,
To Knowledge by thy help doth creep!

II.

There's not a ſecret paſſion of the Mind,
No Motion in the Soul doth riſe;
But it from *Speech* can fit Expreſſions find,
And's Judged of more by the Ears, than Eyes.
How do fit Words and Sentences advance,
And on our Tongues in order dance!

III.

In various ſounds the ſenceleſs Creatures play,
And welcome the returning Spring:
Their joys i'th' rudeſt notes the *Beaſts* Eſſay;
And tunefull *Birds* their warbling Carols ſing,
Diſtinct their Voices; only *Man* is found;
That can *Artitulate the Sound.*

IV.

Admired *Faculty*, that ſtamps the Air,
And ſeals upon't, what We would have,
Which doth a Draught of our *Ideas* bear,
And keeps the ſpeaking Portraitures, We gave,
Doth the Myſterious tract of Thoughts unfold;
Thô each Tongue hath a different Mold!

V.

This Privilege, granted alone to *Man*,
No other Creatures do partake:
Beaſts have no Language, 'tis well known; nor can
We prove, what Speech *Angels* above do ſpeak.
All that belongs to them do Myſteries grow,
Stupendious heights, we never know.

VI.

Angelick Motions we can never find,
Nor trace the ſteps, in which they move.
To our Infirmities they'r not confin'd,
Nor Nature's Laws do fetter them above.

All.

All, that we know of thoſe Superiour Powers
Is, that their State is not like Ours.

VII.

They may by Heavenly *Hieroglyphicks* ſpeak,
To which our Souls can never riſe:
Draughts of their thoughts by forms or figures make,
Or unintelligible Myſteries.
Their Tongue all apprehenſion doth excell,
No Ear can hear't, no Voice can tell.

VIII.

What empty ſhrunken things our Minds would be,
What Melancholy on them ſeize;
Were they debarr'd the Joys of Phantaſie,
And roving Thoughts, which the tir'd Soul do eaſe:
Where in unbounded fields the Mind may fly,
And find new blandiſhments for Joy.

IX.

How much more miſerable were our State,
Were This, our greateſt Comfort, fled;
That mollifies the Stings of angry Fate;
Unloads the Sorrows of the anxious Head:
Doth cure the Wounds, that from *Fate's* Arrows fall,
And in a *Friend's* Breaſt buries all?

X.

Delight of Life and Mirrour of the Heart,
By which our Thoughts, which none can ſee,
We to our own and others Joys impart;
And bring to View the boundleſs Treaſury.
Thou of our Inward Soul a Scheme ſhould'ſt give;---
And curs'd be He, that doth *Deceive*!

XI.

Bond of Society and Tie of Love,
From whence doth laſting Friendſhip flow:
Thou our Exalted pleaſure doſt improve;
And art the Univerſal Soul below.

With

With raptur'd Joys thou charm'ſt the fleeting Hours,
And lull'ſt up Love in ſhady Bowers.

XII.

Rhetorick, that doth th' unſtable People move
And raiſe, or lay, as Storms the Sea,
From well-plac'd Words and Reaſons doth improve,
And ows his Energy, bleſs'd *Speech*, to Thee.
What was a *Chaos*, thou a World did'ſt make;
From thee the Maſs did Beauty take.

XIII.

The Raptur'd Flights of *Poetry* do owe
Their Birth and Beauty unto Thee:
From Thee the fam'd *Caſtalian* Waters flow,
And in ſoft Muſick's Numbers melted bee.
How low would all their Lofty Flights be laid,
If not in Robes by Thee array'd?

XIV.

Reaſon may in the ſolid Mind be found,
And Judgment in the Soul appear:
But they'r like Treaſures buried under ground,
Or ſecret Mines, that do no Products bear.
Thou deck'ſt them in Rich Garbs, and mak'ſt them ſhine;
Thou ſtamp'ſt them, and they'r currant Coin.

On Time.

THou ſaw'ſt (and oh! how glorious was the ſight?)
When the Creation ſmil'd at Infant Light,
And baniſh'd all the Diſmall ſhades of Night.
When the bright Births at fruitfull Heaven's command
Immac'ulate drop'd from the Great *Workman's* hand,
E're Sin, or Curſe, their genuine Beauty ſtain'd.

The Rowling Ages, that have ſince ſlid by,
Have all been brought forth by thy Midwifry:
From the firſt Monarch, but without a Crown,
To *Him*, that laſt forſook th' Uneaſie Throne.
Thou ſaw'ſt at firſt, when ſwelling Families,
(Widely diſperſing round their Colonies)
Did into Towns; Towns into Cities riſe.
When Right of Empire was in *Fatherhood*,
And every one was King of his own Blood.
Till the Paternal Rule in Numbers loſt,
In various Multitudes and Errours croſt,
The Reins of Empire were by *One* ingroſt.
Thou ſaw'ſt the Faults, in the firſt Empire grew,
The vicious Habits, its Deſtruction drew:
Till th' fatal Period ſwiftly hurrying on,
The mighty *Babel* from its height was thrown,
And from its ſhatter'd Limbs, in pieces broke,
Their Riſe the leſſer States and Kingdoms took:
Till one above the reſt more Powerfull grown,
For *Juſtice*, *Valour*, and for *Wiſedom* known,
Exalts by ſecret ſteps her lofty head,
And, ſome by *kindneſs* won, and ſome by *dread*,
O're all at laſt doth her wide Empire ſpread.
Till ſhe, or *Cruel*, or *Effeminate* grown,
Leſs hurt by others Arms, than by her own,
Falls into th' Pit of ſure Deſtruction.
Thus haſt thou view'd the ſlippery State of things,
The *Perſian*, *Grecian*, and the *Roman* Kings:
And ſhortly ſhal't the ſad *Cataſtrophe*
And Fall o'th' now-decreaſing *CRESCENT* ſee.

Wiſeſt of Beings! What we do deſign,
And in dark Caverns of our Breaſt confine;
Ev'n where no *Thought* comes, where no *Eye* can peep,
But all's lap'd up in miſty Clouds of ſleep,

What

What Princes wiſh, or Cabinet Councils plot,
The Births, that are from their Conjunction got,
Subtleſt *Interpreter*, thou doſt reveal;
Thô Oaths and Sanctions do the ſecret Seal.
Even what Juſt Heaven before the World decreed,
What can from nothing, but his Hand proceed:
What ſhall to Peaſants happen, what to Kings,
What to the Lofty, what to Humbler things:
What ſwallows up Man's bold and daring Mind,
And where even *Angels* can no footſteps find:
What doth ſurpaſs th' Intelligences ſight,
Or *hath*, or *ſhall* by Thee be brought to Light.
Nor is't enough, thou ſaw'ſt the former days,
And in our Times know'ſt, what will come to paſs:
But when this Generation hath its Doom,
And crowding Numbers in our Places come;
When all, that now is High, muſt Low be laid,
And Generations after Us are dead:
Then Thou wilt ſee, what now doth fly our Eyes,
What Abject People ſhall to Empire riſe:
Where Mighty Cities, now their Nation's Glory,
Shall lie in Duſt and be forgot in Story:
And in ſome unthought unſuſpected place,
Others ſhall in their Room their proud Heads raiſe.
What Families ſhall up to Rule be born,
Whom Ages paſt ne're knew, or elſe did ſcorn:
And all be to ſuch Alteration brought,
The very Ancient Names of things forgot:
That even the World may in the World be ſought.
The Mighty Innovator *Time*, that brings
Thoſe changes, are not in the Power of Kings.
What neither their Commands nor Arms can raiſe,
By ſecret unknown means He brings to paſs.

Should *Scipio* or ſhould *Caeſar* now awake,
And into Light from their dark Manſions break;
Should They, to what was the World's *Miſtreſs*, come,
How would they wonder at once Glorious *Rome*!
Their once-known Palaces would ſeek in vain,
Nor their Triumphal Arches find remain:
But She that did of the World's Empire boaſt,
Sate in her Heaps of Scatter'd Ruines loſt;
And to ſuch ſteps of Deſolation led
Her very Name and Valour buried.
Little they thought, what Time would once bring forth,
That the deſpiſed People of the *North*,
The Barbarous Scum, which *Roman* Souls did hate,
The Dregs and Lees of Men and Scourge of Fate,
Should thrô the Barrs of that ſtrong Empire break,
And the vaſt Fabrick into pieces ſhake,
That other Nations proud with their Succeſs,
Should their own Fame and *Rome*'s Contempt increaſe:
Till o're Her every Land did Conqueſt boaſt,
And took again what their Forefathers loſt.
They knew not what was in *Fate's* leaves enrol'd,
Nor would have credited, had they been told:
Such Revolutions there's no Art can tell;
'Tis only *Time*, that will the Truth reveal.
Time! Thou doſt bring things into open view,
But Thou can'ſt drink a Cup of *Lethe* too.
Thou over all doſt draw a ſullen Cloud,
And doſt in Miſts, what's now apparent ſhrow'd;
The Acts of Ancient Days, to us unknown,
Buried long ſince in deep Oblivion:
What *Heroes* did, and Common People bore,
Forgetfull *Time*, thou can'ſt not now reſtore!
Thoſe Noble Seats, that Honour'd once our Iſle,
When *Roman* Eagles neſted in our Soil,

Low

Low with their Miſtreſs *Rome* in duſt are laid;
No footſtep's found, may lead unto their Head:
Are ſought in vain among their poor remains,
Shown but to puzzle Antiquaries Brains.
As Father Ocean *here to Earth doth Lend,*
And there his Watry Empire doth extend;
So thou doſt ſometimes new Inventions ſhow,
But hideſt other Rarer Matters low.
Tobacco, Guns, *and* Printing *late aroſe,*
But We are Rob'd of Richer things, than thoſe;
Faith, Juſtice, Honour, Liberality,
And Ancient Friendſhip *deep in* Lethe *ly.*
Where is an Hero *now, that owns a* Muſe *?*
Hawks, Hounds, *and* Miſtreſſes *they'd rather chooſe.*
Thy Eſſence doth a Train of Wonders hold:
Thou never art above a Moment old,
Yet Thou beheld'ſt the rude miſhapen Maſs,
E're *Light*, Heaven's Firſt-born, ſhow'd her darling Face.
The Circling Years do dy and leave their Place,
And new Times in their rooms their Heads do raiſe:
Yet Thou Coæval with the World doſt Live,
And to its utmoſt Period ſhalt ſurvive.
Thou'rt ever here, and yet art ever paſt,
Thou'rt ever dying, yet doſt ever laſt.
Thy ſubtle Parts always in Motion be,
Yet Thou doſt ever a Succeſſion ſee.
Waves crowd on Waves, and while We look they'r paſt,
And Eager Brethren after them do haſt.
Theſe preſs the former, thoſe behind them preſs,
Nor let the freſh Supplies the Stream decreaſe:
New Waves the Place of what paſs'd by retain;
The River yet unchanged doth remain.
Thou of all Jewels the moſt Precious, (*Time!*)
Of all the Stores o'th' *Eaſt* or *Weſtern* Clime.

Impe-

Imperious Gold, that all things doth command,
Whoſe powerfull Charms there's nothing can withſtand;
Doth here an End of his vaſt Empire ſee;
That cannot have an Influence over Thee.
Thy moving Wheels cannot be ſtop'd by force,
No Bribes perſwade Thee to renew thy Courſe:
Deaf to Intreaties, and to all our Moan,
"Once paſt, Thou'rt loſt, and art for ever gone.
A *Drug*, while Thou upon our hand doſt ſtay,
Which We well know not how to throw away:
But when thou'rt paſt, a *Jewel* in our Eye;
Whom not the Treaſures of the World can buy.
Ages before our Birth We can't recall;
They no Relation have to Us at all:
What then was done, as We can ne're retrieve,
So neither are We bound account to give.
The Future Time We know not, that 'twill come;
We may before to morrow have our Doom;
We may be Summon'd by Death's Mighty Power:
And when We dy, *Time* is to Us no more.
"The Preſent *Time's* then all the Time We have,
"Thoſe precious Moments our beſt Conduct crave:
"That We be Wiſe our lateſt Stake to Save.

On a Covetous *Man.* Mart. Lib. 4. Ep. 40.

WHen Heaven to You a ſmall Eſtate did lend,
You kept your Coach and Footmen did attend:
But when blind *Fortune* had your Store increas'd,
And ten times doubled what You had at leaſt:
Your Narrow Soul, contracted with the Store,
Loſt all the Pleaſure, it did taſt before.

A Curſe into your Treaſures Heaven did put;
You groan'd beneath their weight, and went afoot.
For all your Merits what doth then remain;
But that we pray, Heaven ſend your Coach again?

Dorinda *weeping.*

I.

STAY pretty Prodigal, oh ſtay;
Throw not thoſe Pearly Drops away:
Each little ſhining Gem might be
Price for a Captive Prince's Liberty.
See down her Cheeks the ſhining Jewels ſlide,
Brighter than Meteors, that from Heaven do glide.

II.

Sorrow ne're look'd before ſo Fair,
Nor ever had ſo ſweet an Air:
All-conquering Rays her Woes do dart,
And unknown Paſſions to the Soul impart.
More Fair ſhe looks, while *Grief* her face doth ſhrowd;
Than the *Sun* peeping thrô a *watry* cloud.

III.

Oh turn away thoſe Killing Eyes! ---
Venus from ſuch a Sea did riſe.
Love doth in Tears triumphant ride;
Such mighty Charms can never be deni'd:
That at one ſight ſuch different Paſſions move,
Relenting *Pity* and Commanding *Love.*

IV.

Come, curious *Artiſt*, as they fall,
Gather the ſhining Jewels all:
Harden the Gems, and each will be
More valued, than the *Indie's* Treaſury:

But

But if the ſecret doth exceed thy Art,
It is but borrowing *Hardneſs* from her *Heart*.

To Sr. James Butler, *on the Death of the Lady* Butler: *In a Dialogue between* H. *and* J.

(*H.*) WElcome dear *Friend*! Thou doſt my Griefs diſpell,
No Sorrow long can wound, when Thou art well.
Ill-boding Dreams o're my ſad Fancy rowl'd,
And the approach of ſome black Fate foretold:
Strange frightfull Spectres o're my Mind were ſpread;
I ſaw the Vertues and the Graces bleed,
As thô the Soul o'th' Univerſe was dead.
Avert the *Omen* Heaven!
(*J.*) Thy Cautions ſpare,
There's nothing left that now deſerves thy Care.
All Worth and Excellence with *One* is fled,
The Quinteſſence of all, that's Great, is dead.
Th' Expiring World groan'd at Her Funeral,
With whom the Glories of her *Sex* did fall.
(*H.*) What ill do my Preſaging thoughts Divine?
Spare One, Juſt Heaven, I'll to thy Will reſign;
One Inno'cent ſpare; and all the reſt be Thine.
(*J.*) We multiply the ſorrows, that we dread, ---
Meet then the Storm that hover's o're thy Head;
The Fair, Chaſte, Spouſe of Noble *Butler's* dead.
(*H.*) Too much---Fate hath not now a Curſe in ſtore,
I've heard the worſt of Ills, and Fear no more.
(*J.*) The whole World ſeem'd *diſtracted* at her fall,
Amazing *Horrour* ſeized upon All.

So,

So, when the *Sun's* Eclips'd, with *Panick* fear
The Savages confuſed Cries do rear,
And think, the World's *Cataſtrophe* is near.
With frightfull Fury hideouſly they roar
To ſcare the Monſter, would the *Sun* devour.
They gain their Point, but we lament in vain,
Our *Sun* is ſet, never to Riſe again.
(*H.*) Yet let's Lament; 'tis all that we can doe,
To think of Bliſs, that's paſt, amidſt our Wo,
Heightens *our Grief*; *but* vents *our Sorrows too.*
(*J.*) She fell an Holocauſt of Chaſt Delight,
Beauteous and Fair, as Rays of new-born Light.
Charming, as *Vertues* i'th' *Idea* be,
Or *Graces*, ſeen by th' *Intellectual* Eye.
(*H.*) So falls the *Roſe*, Queen of the fragrant Bowers,
She falls the Glory o'th' Enamell'd Flowers,
While Heav'en laments her Death in melting Showers.
(*J.*) To blooming *Youth* a boundleſs *Wit* was given,
Not got with Labour, but infus'd from Heaven.
Beauty did o're her Soul and Body ſhine,
Her Body ſeem'd, ev'n as her Soul, *Divine.*

CHORUS.

Wit, Youth, *and* Beauty *made Her Bright,*
Did all in Her agree:
None elſe, but Phœbus, *God of Light,*
Is Sourſe of all the Three.

(*H.*) *Angels* can't ſin: They'r plac'd in ſuch a State,
They nor can Fall, nor can Degenerate.
They merit Praiſe, who by their Choice are Good,
Not thoſe, who can't be Vitious, if They wou'd.
Nor juſtly can Rewards to *Angels* come;
Vertue's not Abſtinence in them, but Doom.

How high and Glorious do Her acts appear,
That liv'd in Heaven, thô in this lower Sphear:
And, thô a Mortal, rival'd *Angels* here?
They've no Temptation, and She ſcorned all:
They live Above, She trampled on this *Ball.*
To what was Good, like *Angels*, vigorous ſtill,
And every thing did Dare to doe, but *Ill.*
(*F.*) What *Vertues* were there, but her Soul did grace,
Vertues not known, but in an Higher place,
Nor acted, but by the *Seraphick* Race?
Her Help, like Guardian *Angels*, ſhe beſtow'd,
Bounteous as Nature, or as Nature's God.
On all ſhe look'd with an *Auſpicious* Ray,
So Good, from Her none went diſpleas'd away.
And ſo Devout, ſhe ſeem'd all o'r Divine,
That *Hallelujah's* her whole task had been,
Or that one Saint pray'd at another's *Shrine.*
(*H.*) She's Dead! not all her Worth could bribe her Fate;
So in the Grave, diveſted of all ſtate,
Lie Young and Old, the Humble and the Great.
Thou, *Butler's* Hero, who 'mong all the Stars
Of Courtly Beauties ne're ſaw'ſt One like Hers,
Art left like Us in vain to ſeek relief:
"Greatneſs is not exempt from Fate or Grief.
That Loſs is trivial, which we can ſupply,
How ſtinging that, which Riches cannot buy,
Nor doth i'th' reach of Art or Honour lie!
To Thee a-while the Heavenly Form was ſhow'd,
Worthy the Gift or Ranſome of a God.
Thy bleſſed Arms the Treaſure did enfold,
(Too ſoon, alaſs! with Saints to be enrold.)
And when thy Soul did to high Tranſports riſe,
She ſunk from thy Admiring, Longing, Eyes.

Who

Who can wiſh Thee thy Sorrows to refrain?
Even the Souls in Hell know no ſuch Pain,
As once to' *have been in Heaven* and then *to loſe't again.*
(*J.*) Farewell, Heaven's *Beſt of Gifts*! In *Thee* were laid
Perfections, that have Gods of Mortals made.
Greatneſs of Soul, without inſulting *Pride.*
Humility, where no mean thoughts reſide;
And *Vertue*, unto *Candour* near ally'd!
(*H.*) Thou *Higheſt* Point, that *Nature* could attain,
The *Moddel*, She can never reach again.
Th' *Acme*, to which our finite Worth can riſe,
Perfect, if Ought can be below the Skies.

CHORUS.

The World no longer gives us Eaſe,
All here muſt loathſome be:
But doubly Heaven *our Souls will pleaſe,*
When there *We meet with* Thee.

On a Pearl.

I.

THE daring *Negro* dives for Me,
And I'm the noble Price of Blood:
Blind with my Rays he doth no danger ſee.
The common Stones in Quiet ſleep,
Nor are torn from their Mother's Arms, the Deep.
So curs'd 'tis to be eminently Good;
No Rocks, nor ſhelters Me can ſhrowd.

II.

Some ſay, I am condenſed Dew,
And from high Heaven my Extract claim:
That Drops, whom Night upon the Sea doth ſtrow,

My eager Parents ſwallow down,
Till they are big with Heavenly *Embrio's* grown:
From Pearly Drops of Dew at firſt I came,
And hardned I am but the ſame.

III.

My Worth I from *Opinion* get,
And roving thoughts o'th' empty Mind:
In Me the Price of Provinces to eat,
The laviſh *Cleopatra* taught,
And drink diſſolved Kingdoms at a Draught.
Such Sparkling Juice not Gods themſelves can find;
But muſt to *Nectar* be confin'd.

IV.

Condens'd in Regions of the Main,
The Wiſe think Me a Sunbeam ſet;
Where I my *Orient* hew unchang'd retain:
When *Sol* doth gild fair *Thetis* face,
And the Sea repreſents a Burning-glaſs;
Where the contracted Rays in one do meet,
Hardned by Cold they Me beget.

V.

Yet thô I'm of Æthereal kind,
My Habitation is but mean;
To rugged Rocks and Oyſter-ſhells confin'd:
So Heaven doth many a Gallant Mind,
To a deformed crazy Body bind.
Both promiſe little, while the Shell is ſeen,
But yet the *Pearl* is found within.

On the Earth, *our Common Mother.*

THOU Univerſal *Mother* of Us all,
From whom the Creatures have Original;

From

From Monarch *Man*, with awfull Empire crown'd,
To the baſe *Reptile* creeping on the ground.
There's nothing, that hath Life, but owes its Birth
To Father *Sun* and teeming Mother *Earth*.
With genial Warmth *He* doth Her boſom heat,
She with wide Arms doth his Embraces meet:
Conceives, grows big, and from Her fruitfull Womb,
The Lovely Births in Beauteous Order come.
Nor Life alone Her Liberal Hand doth give,
Her Boſom bears the Food, on which they Live.
With needfull Herbage She doth cloath the Field,
That Nouriſhment to Man and Beaſt doth yeild.
Each Species of Her Creatures finds Her Good,
Appropriating to each kind Her Food.
And, that the Generations might not end,
With ſeminal Vertue She doth them befriend.
Each Creature gets his Like, and not one Plant
A way to Propagate his Kind doth want.
Unlike the Tree, from whence it fell, the Seed
By wondrous Vertue doth the Species breed.
And, what no form o'th' Parent doth retain,
By *Plaſtick* Power doth get its Like again.
Nor is She Mother and kind Nurſe alone;
Her Arms receive Us, when our Race is run:
And when our wearied Days we bring to end,
We find Her Boſom an Eternal Friend.
There in our Reſting-place we all lie down,
All ſence of Grief and former Sorrow flown,
"Life is to Trouble ty'd, the Grave to none.
The former Ages, that long ſince ſlid by,
At Quiet in Her Claſping Arms do ly.
The *King* and *Peaſant* do together reſt:
No Pride fills One, nor Envy th' Other's breaſt.
The preſent Ages the ſame Fate ſhall have,
Tend to their Common Reſting-place the Grave.

And

And Ages not yet ſprung from Fate's Decree,
When they've run out the Line of Deſtiny,
(An equal Fate Death upon all things brings)
Shall all be loſt i'th' Maſs and crowd of Things.
So doth the River borrow from the Main
Thoſe Streams, that reſt not, till they'r there again.
From its firſt Riſe thrô devious ways it goes,
With ſwift unwearied Courſe to th' Sea it flows,
And in its Mother's Lap ſeeks long Repoſe.

The Parting Lover.

I.

BEneath a Mournfull *Yew*, more than half-Dead,
The Melancholy *Damon* ſate;
With Moving Accents ſighing out his Fate,
The Object of his Paſſion fled:
Cælia, the Glory of the Plains,
Cælia, the Flame of all the Youthfull Swains;---
With pale dead Eyes he ſaw her Flight,
His Eyes Juſt cloſing in Eternal Night.
His loaden boſom thus his Sorrow ſpoke,
His Words and Heart thus at one inſtant broke.

II.

"So by Deſign or Chance, ſome Lonely Wretch,
"Left on a diſtant, *Northern*, Land
"With Swelling Eyes beholds the barren Strand,
"Th' uncomfortable, naked, Beach;
"Where grizely *Famine* leads the way,
"Fruitfull in nothing, but in Beaſts of Prey.
"Monſters behind his back do roar,
"The Sea Deſtruction doth preſent before.
"And if to Heaven he looks with weeping Eyes,
"He ſees that ſetting Sun, that ne're will riſe.

III. "What

III.

" What ſhall He do, loſt Wretch! Where ſhall He go?
" His Sighs the Fatal Winds increaſe;
" And flouds of Tears do ſwell the Mounting Seas:
" All things conſpire unto his Woe.
" The ragged Rocks no comfort give,
" The barren Sands on them forbid to Live.
" With ſooty Wings ſad Night draws on,
" A Night, that ne're will ſee a Riſing Sun:
" Till griping *Famine* him doth eat away,
" Or He to hungry Jaws becomes a Prey.

IV.

" And to increaſe his Woe, far off at Sea
" The Ship, in which his Hope's confin'd,
" Opens Her Boſom to the Proſperous Wind,
" Regardleſs of his Miſery.
" Loudly He doth of Fate complain,
" Loudly laments his Wretched State in vain.
" The Noiſy Billows cannot hear;
" Relentleſs Rocks are deaf unto his Prayer,
" The floating Ships before the Winds do play:
" The Winds bear them, his Hopes, and fruitleſs Prayers away.

The Chaſe of the Fox at *Welby* 1677. *To* St. John Bennet of *Welby*, Eſquire.

THE Morn was fair and ſtill; the Heaven was clear,
And not one ſullen Star would diſappear:
The Winds were not yet up; but in their Beds
In a deep Sleep had ſunk their Drowſie Heads:
The Sluggard *Sun* had not yet left his Reſt,
Nor rais'd his weary Head from *Thetis* Breaſt:
When I in Field a Gallant Train did meet,
For Vigorous Sport and Generous Actions fit:

They

They all on winged Courſers mounted ſtay
And big with Expectation wait the *Prey.*
Their curious Spies they firſt ſend out to try
And make Diſcovery of the Enemy:
Theſe ſcorn, as others do, to truſt the *Sight*,
Abus'd ſo oft, ſo ſeldom in the Right:
Which every palpable Appearance ſcapes,
And cheats it with Imaginary ſhapes:
A ſurer Guide leads theſe ſagacious Spies,
That makes the *Noſe* ſupply the place of *Eyes.*
Their cautious Foe, the *Fox*, had fled the Light,
And wiſely before Day had *crept* from ſight;
Gorg'd with his Prey, and in his Brakes immur'd,
Fearleſs He ſlept and thought himſelf ſecur'd:
But his Purſuers trace his hidden Courſe,
And follow him by a *Magnetick* Force,
Firſt they employ their curious *Noſe* to find
Thoſe ſubtle *Atoms*, he had left behind:
Thoſe Exhalations in his Footſteps lie,
That from his Breath, or from his Sweat do flie;
So ſmall, they to our Eyes do diſappear,
And undiſcern'd mix with the Common Air.
Theſe, as i'th' wanton Wind they play about,
Their Noſes, *Chymiſt*-like, can draw them out;
And following the Stream, theſe Atoms make,
Run to the place, from whence the Fountain brake.
Mean while the *Fox*, wak'd with th' unuſual Noiſe,
And with Attentive Ears catching the Voice,
Fears ſome Purſuers; but doth wonder, how
Thrô all his Mazes they his Courſe ſhould know:
What Eyes could trace his Footſteps on the Green,
What Witchcraft thus could follow him unſeen.
But now not truſting to a Longer ſtay
Reſolves with ſilent Steps to ſteal away,

And

And uſe thoſe ſecret Arts, and that Deceit,
With which his raging Followers he could cheat:
But as he thrô the ſhady *Goſs* doth ſlide,
By one o'th' Watchfull Huntſmen he's eſpi'd.
His Joyfull Horn doth quickly tell it out,
And's Eccho'd back again by all the Rout:
A noiſe more Diſmall than the *Mandrake's* Voice,
A Noiſe, that chills the *Fox's* Blood to Ice.
The Sentence not more ſad to th' Guilty Man,
Or Cannon to the trembling *Indian*.
Thunder ſpeaks Muſick to't. Death's in each Note,
And ſure Deſtruction breathes from every throat.
A Plague lies in each Breath, He hates to meet;
And wiſhes oft, his *Ears* were turn'd to *Feet*.
Yet to his Arts he flies, and all doth uſe,
With which ſo oft he could his Foes abuſe.
The *River*, with his wanton Banks that plays,
Runs not more ſecret, nor more winding Ways,
Nor Dancing *Atoms* change more quick their Round,
Nor *Snow*, that hovers loth to touch the Ground.
But all (alaſs!) in vain his Arts he tries,
In vain Acts over all his Treacheries:
And like thoſe, that would from Diſeaſes run,
He flies a while from what he cannot ſhun:
Nor can He hope to ſcape, thô ne'er ſo fleet,
That Death, that's brought him by an Hundred feet.
For the quick-ſcented Dogs thrô all the Ways,
And thoſe ſtrange Shapes, that cautious *Reynard* plays,
With an unerring Courſe purſue their Chaſe.
Follow him, where no Tract is left behind,
And catch the Scent, that dances in the Wind;
Extract it from the Maſs of other Parts,
And find it, thô mix'd with a thouſand Arts.

Noſes ſo quick and pure, methinks, ſhould find
The Secret tract, an *Angel* leaves behind:
And might with little pains in time be brought
To trace the wandring Paſſage of a *Thought!*
Thus, while they follow with an eager Cry,
And chaſe their faint and panting Enemy,
O'th' ſuddain all was huſh'd, and every Throat
In a dull ſilence choak'd his joyfull Note.
No Shout, nor Noiſe, did rend the parting Air,
Only the raging Huntſmen fret and ſwear.
All ply their buſie Noſes, round they coaſt
To catch that Scent, which in the Crowd was loſt:
Till the Grave * *Talbot* with a *Spaniſh* pace
The long-loſt and neglected Scent doth trace;
Finds what their eager Haſt had left behind,
And catch'd it Juſt diſſolving in the Wind.
He gives the *Signal*; ſtrait they follow, all
With their Loud throats do one another call,
And, ſtriving to regain the Time, they'd loſt,
With doubled Haſt after their *Foe* they poſt:
And with ſuch winged Speed they now purſue,
The unknown *Foe* is quickly brought to view.

* *One of the Finders.*

When lo! a mixed Crowd from th' neighbouring Town,
Warn'd by the Noiſe, tumultuouſly came down;
All, arm'd with Pitchfork, Spit, Flail, Spade and Pole,
To kill the *Fox*, that had their Poultry ſtole,
Outnoiſe the Dogs, and with loud Curſes fill
The Air with ſound of *Follow, follow, kill!*
"Kill him, cries *One*, he ſtole my Peckled Hen,
"And got my fatted *Capons* out o'th' Pen.
Another Woman lets her Tongue fly looſe,
And cries, "the Thief did kill her Brooding *Gooſe*.
"My *Cock*, ſaith One, my *Turkey*, ſaith *Another*,
"My pretty, Copled, *Pullet*, cries *the tother*,

Then

Then all poor *Reynard* with fell Curſes rate;
With Noiſes rude and inarticulate.
The Amazed *Fox*, aſtoniſh'd at the Noiſe
Much of the Dogs, more of the Women's Cries;
Seeing his uſeleſs *Arts* no help could ſhow,
Reſolves at laſt to ſee, what *Force* would doe:
Summons his Vigor, doth new Courage rear,
And down the Wind his even Courſe doth ſteer.
So ſome ſmooth *River*, loth to leave the Plains,
And thoſe freſh Fields, where Mirth and Pleaſure reigns,
In many wandring Turns his Paſſage takes,
A thouſand Stops, a thouſand Windings makes:
Plays with his flowry Banks, oft turns his Head
And with full Eyes o'relooks his watry Bed,
Courts every wanton Shade, and feigns Delay,
Untill at laſt, unable more to ſtay,
Forc'd by the raging Streams, that do deſcend,
His direct Courſe He to the Sea doth bend.
The *Fox* begins; the Chaſe they all purſue,
Swift, as wing'd *Thoughts* e're to far Countries flew:
Light's ſlow to them, the ſluggiſh *Wind* doth ſtay;
They catch that Scent, his Wings had bore away.
All that by Force or Courage could be ſhown,
That could by Swiftneſs, or by Art be done;
Th' Induſtrious *Fox* did for his Safety try; ----
" But there's no ſtruggling with our Deſtiny.
He's grown Infectious to himſelf; --- They find
His Courſe by th' fatal Breath, he left behind.
His Breathing brings his Ruine on; that Breath,
That gives to others Life, to him gives Death.
Death doth from Breathing, or Refraining grow;
To Breathe is Death, and not to Breathe, is ſo.
At laſt the *Fox* unable more to ſtrive,
Unable more their Fury to ſurvive:

Seeing i'th' Dog's approach his certain Fate,
Reſolves to ſell his Life at a dear rate.
So ſome great *Hero*, compaſs'd by his Foes,
Death and Deſtruction all around him ſtrows:
With fiery Rage on all Oppoſers flies,
And makes a Bulwark of ſlain Enemies:
Sure not to Live, unwilling yet to dy,
Till he hath left a dear-bought Victory.
Thus the brave *Fox*, when all his hopes were dead,
And no way left to hide his loathed Head,
Reſolves, he will not unrevenged dy,
Nor fall a tame and heartleſs Enemy:
With Rage ſalutes the Firſt; his bloody Jaws
Fix'd on the next, do make the Others pawſe,
And keep an awfull Diſtance; Till they all
With one accord upon their *Foe* do fall.
In vain he ſtrives, in vain he fights; for ſoon
Being by the Raging Tempeſt overthrown:
He with a faint and trembling Voice doth cry;
"I liv'd by *Rapine* and by *Rapine* dy.

On a Mandrake.

I.

THE Play of *Nature* under ground,
The Draught, that from her Hands doth fall
In Regions, where no Light is found,
But Sullen Darkneſs Covers all:
Like *Man*; as like, as *Draughts* could be;
Where *Nature* had no Eyes to ſee.

II.

Each Limb and Part exactly drawn,
Doth much our Admiration raiſe;
Nature her Mimick Art hath ſhown,
And wantonly with Mankind plays:

And,

And, thô it may ſeem uſeleſs, yet
The very *Sex* She don't omit.

III.

In this the Picture doth excell,
And doth above the Subſtance riſe:
The *Mandrake* doth in Regions dwell,
Unſeen, unknown to Mortal Eyes;
And, where our final Reſt we have;
Doth Live and Flouriſh, in the *Grave*.

On Man's *unhappy Compoſition.*

UNhappy Man! how ill in Thee are Join'd,
A *Feeble* Body, and an *Active* Mind.
A *Soul* of Fire, a *Body* but of Earth;
That do from different Regions draw their Birth:
One Natu'rally doth tend to Heaven above;
Th' Other tow'rd Earth, from whence it came, doth move.
When ſuch Diſcordant Parts in Man do meet,
They Juſtle and each other roughly Greet:
The Motions of the *Soul* the *Body* ſway,
Which every Nod and Impulſe ſhould obey:
But at each Sally of the Towring *Mind*,
With wearied Journeys *That* doth lag behind.

Thoughts are our Plagues; the Beaſts, that none do know,
Are Free from trouble and reſentment too.
As *Nature* bids, they every thing receive,
And take it, as her Bounteous Hand doth give.
No pining Thoughts do ſowre the Joys, they taſt;
No preying Paſſion doth *their* Body waſt;
While *Ours* by the Souls Motion's worn ſo thin;
'Twill ſcarce keep Life, and Breath, Life's Tenant, in.
At Things above *Ambition* makes us Soar,
And graſp at what is plac'd beyond our Power: Our

Our feeble Strength we ne'r conſult: And then
No wonder, We are tumbled back again.
A chain of Sorrows hangs upon our State:
We for Impoſſibilities do wait,
Anxiouſly ſeek for what will never come,
And yet are angry, when We meet our Doom.
The fault doth not in outward Cauſes ly,
But in our Judgment, that is warp'd awry.
Our Power's confin'd, and we ſhould Happy be,
If We the Limits of our Power could ſee.
If We could fix our wandring Thoughts at home,
Nor let beyond our Sphear our Wiſhes roam,
All things, We ſee, are Paſſive here below,
Nor from themſelves their Power-to-act doth flow,
They'r dead, unleſs ſome greater Eſſence give
Influx of being, that may make them Live.
'Tis only Heaven doth purely act, and can,
Crumble in Duſt the vaſt Deſigns of *Man*:
His Will muſt ſtand, whatever *We* Deſign,
Nothing can ſtop the courſe of things Divine.
All Aids are uſeleſs; what is *Infinite*,
Doth need no Help, nor doth Increaſe admit.

How Happy *Man*, was He intirely One,
Nor did admit of Compoſition;
Was his *Æthereal* Soul of Heavenly breed,
Like *Angels*, from the clogs of *Matter* freed:
Or, like the *Beaſts*, only with Fleſh array'd,
And only of unthinking *Matter* made.
One State would all his Hopes and Thoughts exceed;
By *th' Other* He would from all Care be freed.
Exceſs of Joy in One his Soul would Crown;
In th' Other *Ignorance* all Fears would drown.

The

The Sceptick, *againſt* Mechaniſm.

LEarning lies deep, and ſhort is Reaſon's Line,
And weakly do we gueſs at things Divine!
When thoſe near hand our ſtrict Diſcovery fly,
What Hopes to dive into *Infinity?*
The Soul's a Particle of Heavenly fire,
And boldly doth to every thing aſpire:
But yet how low Her lofty Flights do fall;
When She attempts the Wonders of this Ball!
Our Apprehenſion *Angels* do exceed,
Like Thought, they can to diſtant Regions ſpeed,
Nor helps They for Progreſſive Motion need.
Yet Myſteries, deep hid, they cannot find,
Such as Exceed th' *Intelligences* Mind,
And render all created Beings Blind.

No more, vain Friend, your uſeleſs Knowledge ſhow,
Loſt in *Abyſſes*, that no bottom know:
Lapp'd up in Shades, where not one cheerfull Ray
Amid the diſmal Darkneſs points out day.
I grant your Skill,---but how far doth it reach;
Or what import the Myſteries, you teach?
If ſolid Orbs cramp up the Heaven above,
Or if they Free i'th' fluid *Æther* move:
What unſeen Spring to them doth Motion give?
Leave theſe to thoſe, who in thoſe Regions Live.
How the *Sun's* piercing fire and genial heat,
Doth *Mettals* under Maſſy Rocks beget:
What are the *Marchaſites*, of which they'r made,
And changing *Salts*, in the Compoſure laid:
How *Heat* Courſe Mettals into *Gold* refines,
(The Art for which the broyling *Chymiſt* pines)
Leave this (if ſuch there be) to *Damons* of the Mines.

How

How *Orient* Pearls from Heavenly Dew are bred,
And, by what They at firſt were made, are fed.
The Wonders that in *Neptune's* Storehouſe be,
The ragged *Sea-calves* better know, than *We.*
Thou think'ſt to ſearch all with thy narrow Mind;
The Graſp's too wide for what is ſo confin'd.
Be Man: And if thou can'ſt, Inform me how
This Tree, this Flower, this Spire of Graſs doth grow:
Why the ſame Moiſture different Shapes doth wear;
Why this doth Green, why this doth Red appear;
Why this doth Fruit, this Flowers, this Herbage bear:
How each a ſeminal Vertue doth retain,
And, thô not conſcious, gets his *Like* again:
Whoſe *Plaſtick* Vertue can new Being give,
From whom new Birth, when Dead, they can receive,
And even burnt Flowers can from their Aſhes live.
How doth the Imp, when with the Stock 'tis knit,
The Stock's rough Juice to its own Nature fit,
And in the twiſted Knot doth ſweeten it?
Or Buds of generous Fruits in Wild ones ſet
A precious off-ſpring from baſe Plants beget?
Our Knowledge by the Sence's help we find,
'Tis thoſe deceitfull Guides inform our Mind.
If then the *Medium's* falſe, thrô which Arts go,
How can we hope the genuine Truth to know?
The Water pure and clear i'th' Fountain flows;
But with ill Mixtures doth its Nature loſe;
And taſts of every Soil, thrô which it goes.
We from our *Sences* upon truſt Receive,
And Them, althô they oft delude, believe.
But Truth and Skill muſt Diſputable grow;
If no account we of our Sences know.
If hidden Secrets in their Nature lie,
That all our diligent Enquiries flie,

If

If we their Nature ſtrive to ſearch in vain,
What then's the Learning, that by them we gain?
That we do *Hear* and *See*, we all do grant,
But of the manner how, are Ignorant.
If then in things *within* us we may err,
With which each Moment we'er familiar:
What hope remains, that we the Truth ſhould find
Of things *without*, by our deluded Mind?
The Senſe deceivs us, and like Painted Glaſs
Tinges all Objects, that do thrô it paſs.
All Senſe is made by Contact, You allow:
Contact from unſeen Particles doth grow,
Which from all Objects to the Senſes flow.
If they'r Material, whence do they ariſe?
What is't their *Energy* and Force ſupplies?
Whether they always in the Air do rove,
And wait Impulſes, by whoſe Laws they move?
Or, when they'r wanted, by the *Object* made,
And thence with Meſſage to the *Senſe* convey'd?
If theſe their Subtlety to Motion owe,
Fragments, that from attrited Matter grow,
How happ's it, Time hath not worn all things ſo?
And why may not ſucceeding Ages fear,
That Length of Time the Univerſe ſhould wear,
Till nothing *Solid* in the World appear?
The *Senſes* various Particles employ;
What ſtrikes the *Ear*, doth not affect the *Eye*;
And where the *Ear* is deaf, and *Eye* is blind,
The ſubtle *Smell* can a Senſation find.
The Atoms different, as the Organs are,
And various Forms, various Contextures wear.
Beſides the different Motions they diſpence
From diverſe Objects unto every Senſe:

By which they to the Judging Soul do ſhow,
Whether they Acceptable are or no.
The *Eye* doth Knowledge of each Colour take,
That various Motions doth i'th' Organ make;
In ſuch Variety, ſuch Coſt and Dreſs,
Not all the Flowers of Rhetorick can expreſs.
But whether What do theſe Impulſes give
Their Power from Angulous Particles receive;
Or barely they This unto Motion owe;
A Secret lies we vainly wiſh to know.
Since then *Effluviums* from all Objects break,
And thrô the Air their unſeen Journeys take,
To every Senſe in various Meaſures come;
How is it that the crowding Troops find room?
Numberleſs Numbers to each Senſe repair,
That various Motions, Forms, and Garbs do wear;
Enough to ſtifle up the liquid Air.
The juſtling Streams, always in Motions be,
To all around without Diſtinction fly.
And from all parts of Matter ſince they flow,
And heady Journeys in croſs Paths do go:
Who in their Paſſage doth preſcribe them Laws?
Or guards them, that they no Confuſion cauſe?
Why do not Storms diſperſe the Rays of Light,
Why not obſtruct their Journey to our ſight?
Or thoſe bright Rays, that in clear Days ariſe,
And from ten thouſand Objects cheer our Eyes,
Hinder the Motion of progreſſive Noiſe?
In the ſame Moment from all parts they flow,
Contrary Courſes in their Journeys go;
At the ſame time all Senſes gratifie,
Yet we no Battle, nor Confuſion ſpy.
'Tis true they'r Subtle; But they Numerous are:
They'r liquid: Yet the thwarting troops may jarr;
For waves meet waves, & ſtreams with ſtreams do war.

A Guardian *Angel* muſt be their Defence,
Or we muſt grant, that Atoms have a Senſe.
No humane Force their Fury can reſtrain;
No giddy Chance their Motion can maintain;
No *Mechaniſm* their Nature can unfold;
No Laws, nor Rules in Sage's Books enrold.
Nature the *Eye* in beauteous Orbs hath dreſs'd,
Laid out more Work on't, than on all the reſt;
'Tis her much valued Gem, that doth excell
The Treaſure, Mines, or Sands, or Seas reveal:
Whoſe wiſe Contexture may deep Wits employ,
And hath made Atheiſts own a Deity.
Man is a *Microcoſm*; ſuppoſe him One,
The *Eye* is of that *Little-World* the *Sun*.
Heaven's firſt-born *Light* without this had been loſt;
In vain had Nature then been at that Coſt.
Yet how this Organ entertains the Light,
And how that wondrous Act is made, the *Sight*
Whether it Rays receives, or Rays ſends-out,
Remains yet an inextricable Doubt.
If th' *Eye* by ſending-forth of Rays doth ſee,
So great Expence what is it can ſupply?
How do the Streams make Journeys to the Sky?
For if our Sight we on Emiſſion ground,
We muſt lend Rays to fill the World around;
Theſe too to' each Object muſt adapted be
And Images bring back, by which we ſee.
In vain, what Life and Light doth give, the *Sun*
His annual and dayly Courſe doth run;
In vain his chearfull Beams doth ſend: If we
Can from our Selves the want of Rays ſupply.
If we do from our Selves ſend Beams of Light;
What is the Difference betwixt Day and Night?
This then's untenable ----- -----

Yet if the Organ by Reception ſee,
How flows the Poiſon from an Envious Eye?
How do his *Opticks* venemous Beams inſtill,
And Great Men in the height of Glory kill?
Whence hath the *Baſilisk* his deadly Ray;
That can th' unwary Wretch at diſtance ſlay?
How is't, if Wolves firſt upon Men do look,
Men are with Hoarſneſs, or with Dumbneſs ſtrook?
Whence are the Charms flow from a Beauteous Eye?
That do the ſtrugling Slave in Fetters tie?
What *Energy* doth thrô his Vitals move;
What Magick Charm doth ſtirr him up to Love?
When Thoughts on winged Particles advance,
When piercing Looks the Lover's mutually entrance,
And their Souls on the fiery Atoms dance?
How is it *Cats* and *Owls* ſee in the Night,
When no Ray can illuminate the Sight.
Their Eyes in Darkneſs ſhine; why may not We
Inferr, that they by their own Beams do ſee?
This Object is a Central Point, from whence
Rays move around the whole Circumference:
To all about, where e're they'r plac'd, do flie;
In every ſtation, do ſalute the Eye.
Th' adjoining Atom is a Center too,
From whence in equal ſtreams the Rays do flow.
Ten thouſand Objects entertain the Eye;
From each ten thouſand thouſand Beams do fly.
Since in ſtraight Lines the Rays of Sight are led,
How are they truly to the Eye convey'd?
Why don't the Numbers in each way that rove,
The direct Courſe of ſteady Beams remove?
Why is no End unto their Motion put;
When they each other Infinitely cut?
But yet admit, they to the Eye arrive,
Who of their Nature can a Reaſon give!

Do

Do they each Moment from the *Sun* repair;
Or have they ſetled Manſions in the Air?
If One; they ſwifter far than Matter move,
Their Nature from their extract they improve,
And ſeem a *Quinteſſence* ſent from above.
What Nouriſhment muſt the vaſt Fount ſupply;
From whence ſuch Streams inceſſantly do fly,
And fill the Liquid Air and Spacious Sky?
If from the *Sun* the Beams of Light do flow,
How doth a *Candle* the ſame Office do?
How doth the *Glow-worm* with the *Sun* conteſt,
And Brandiſh forth her Beams, when He's at reſt?
Why's Rotten Wood and Fiſhes Scales ſo Bright?
Why doth Sea-water Sparkle in the Night?
Theſe Subtle Parts, if in the Air they lie,
How haps, i'th' dark that they eſcape our Eye?
And then in Shades of Night why don't We ſee?
If Colour's in the *Superficies* made,
And variouſly, as that reflects, is bred:
If what *abſorps* the Light is *Black*; that *White*,
Which forcibly *Reflects* the Rays of Light;
And all the dreſſes, that the World can ſhow,
Are the compounded Mixtures of theſe two:
Why ſhould two Marble Stones of equal weight,
Poliſh'd alike, equally Smooth and Bright,
Two different Colours wear of *Black* and *White*?
The ſame Contexture, Form, and Parts they ſhow:
From whence in them do different Colours grow?
Admit all Colours, to the Organ brought,
Are by Reflection of the Object wrought:
And Draughts and Schemes preſent Deform'd or Fair,
As they Impulſes rude or pleaſing bear:
From various Parts that various Colours grow,
And all do on the Superficies flow;
For under that the Sight doth nothing know:

Whe-

Whether theſe Parts, ſo ſubtle and refin'd,
That carry the Ideas to the Mind,
Barely by contact do their Acts maintain;
Or do materially invade the Brain,
A preſſing doubt doth yet unſolv'd remain.
If theſe Impulſes to the Eye do give,
That thence doth an Account of things receive;
The Senſe, that only did from Motion grow,
When Motion ſinks and dies, muſt periſh too.
How haps it then, Ideas ſtay behind,
And, when We pleaſe, can paint anew the Mind,
When what created them is fled, like Wind?
If th' Eye into't nothing Material drew,
How is't the Mind can former Objects view,
And dreſs i'th' Brain the wandring Schemes anew?
How haps, what did unto our Sight advance,
In Dreams again i'th' cheated Soul do dance,
And with freſh Charms the credulous Mind entrance?
Dreams that ariſe, as all the Learned own,
From confus'd Parts of Bodies ſeen or known.
If thro the Eye the Vigorous Object darts
Into the Brain theſe ſmall Aerial Parts,
How are they entertain'd, when Crowds do come?
How do the little narrow Cells make room?
Do all, that to an Object do belong,
Into one Place unmixt with others throng?
If not: how are things paſt call'd back with eaſe?
How is, what's gone, remember'd, when We pleaſe,
Even *Adjuncts* and *Particularities?*
But if new Streams the former do expell,
How is't of former Days we acts can tell?
The various Turns of Years long-ſince repeat;
What We've ſeen acted, what We've read, relate.
If Old and New i'th Brain together crowd,
How is it Room and Peace is them allow'd?

How

How do they and their Equipages come?
For if Material, they muſt take up room.
And tract of Time would hoard up ſuch a Crop,
The crowded Atoms would the Channels ſtop,
And choke the Paſſages of Viſion up.
The *Ear* in winding Labyrinths is laid,
Fit to receive and keep the Sound, is made:
But yet what Mind's ſo ſharp, ſo deep, ſo ſtrong,
To tell the Myſteries to this Senſe belong?
What Garbs the fluid Atoms do array
When they our Thoughts to others do convey?
Whether the Atoms are of different ſize,
Or but from various Impulſes riſe?
When Soft and Melting Streams do flow from Love,
Or Stormy Accents do from Anger move?
Whence flow the Charms that do to Speech belong,
When *Graces* dance on a beloved Tongue!
Why the ſame Words from one ſhould Love create,
And from another but ingender Hate?
Who can the Charms of *Rhetorick* expreſs,
The Tunefull Motions and the Godlike Dreſs?
What Magick force the Captiv'd Ear doth ty,
When well plac'd Words from Artfull Lips do fly,
And calm or raiſe the Mind, as Storms the Sea?
How theſe Impulſes, that to th' Ear do paſs,
Such tranſports in the heightned Spirits cauſe?
The Ferment ſcarce will cool and ſink again,
And Pleaſure's more tumultuous, than Pain.
What Motions Speech muſt to the Ear convey,
Or in how many Forms the Atoms ſtray?
Since We can ſcarcely find two words alike,
But all muſt diverſly the Organ ſtrike.
Some no diſtinct Idea do create;
And Some are what We call *Articulate*.

The

The *Birds* have one, the *Beaſts* another Tone,
And every Species hath a different one.
Beſide from ſenſeleſs things the various Noiſe,
That from Colliſion of their Parts doth riſe:
What doth from Solids, what from Fluids flow,
What do from Winds, from Seas, and Thunder grow.
Whence are the Charms, that *Muſick* doth diſpence;
That lulls in pleaſing Slumbers up the Senſe?
When Raptures from the Numbers are compil'd,
Which render'd *Alexander* Fierce, or Mild:
Can quell the Luſtfull or Revengefull Flame,
Can Bloody Rage and Savage Fury tame:
Can Conquer when all Arguments do fail,
When Reaſon's Ineffectual, can prevail:
Can Witchcraft's force and Poyſon's fire aſſwage,
And, when all Medicines fail, Diſeaſe's Rage.
What Sorcery doth in theſe Numbers ly,
And what Enchantment from the Sounds doth fly?
The wondrous Art what Learning can explain,
That from mov'd Air doth all its Vertue gain,
And yet ſo Forcible and Strong, to call
The Senſeleſs Stones to build *Thebe's* ſtately wall?
Enchanting Art! the Learn'd do own in Thee,
The next great Power unto the Deity.
By Muſical Numbers, *Heaven*, they ſay, was made:
And by their help the *Earth* in Beauty laid.
Reaſon and Senſe do from thy Concords fly,
For th' Human Soul it ſelf's but *Harmony*.
Smelling, Thou ſubtle Senſe, what th' *Eye* can't ſee,
Nor doth within the Sphear of *Hearing* lie;
What no Brisk Sallyes, no Impulſes brings,
But ſilent lies hid in the Maſs of things;
Thy ſecret Art can thrô all Mazes find,
Thô with confuſed Heaps of Parts combin'd.----

But

But how 'tis done, a Myſt'ry yet remains
That Baffles all our curious Wit and Pains.
How is it the Sagacious *Hound* doth find
The unſeen Parts, that mix with Air and Wind?
When with a trembling fear the *Prey* doth fly,
Employs his eager ſpeed to' outſtrip the Eye,
And hopes, that done, no farther Danger's nigh.
How is't, the Wind don't the Compoſure break,
And all the chain of Steames in pieces ſhake?
What doth thoſe Parts from mixed Heaps extract,
And render the disjointed Parts exact?
How doth the *Hound* purſue, when no tract's ſhown,
And keep the ſteady Path, where no Guide's known?
Thô others of the Kind the footſteps tread,
The mixture cannot Him to Errour lead:
How are the Kindred Vapours ſevered?
How doth He follow what at firſt He trac'd,
And Hunt without diſtraction to the laſt;
And all the bragging *Chymiſt's* Art ſurpaſs,---
Who, when mix'd Mettals do compound one Maſs,
In time, by Pains, and by the help of Fire,
Each Mettal can extract and render each entire.
How is't, the *Vultur* hath ſo quick a ſmell,
He can in diſtant Realms of Battels tell;
And Slaughters at three hundred Leagues reveal?
How do the Particles of *Smell* come whole,
That muſt ſo far o'r Seas and Mountains rowl?
Who gives them Knowledge to find out the Way?
How haps, they are not wilder'd, while they ſtray,
Or loſt, when they muſt mix with thoſe of *Land*, or *Sea*?
How is it, Peſtilential Vapours fly?
Why fix on this, and why the next paſs by?
How Poyſon they in pleaſing Odours breath,
And while We ſuck Delight, We draw in Death.

No Light of Senſe or Reaſon can deſcry,
What Steames from *Aromatick* Bodies fly:
When different Bodies different Odours caſt,
And theſe Effluvium's are unlike the laſt.
How is it Gums ſuch Streams of ſweet diffuſe;
And yet in Bulk or Weight do nothing looſe?
Thô many Ages they to laſt are found,
With Odorous Parts inceſſantly abound,
Impregnate all the Sphear of Air around.
Yet for ſo great Expence, no great Decreaſe,
Nor do they grow proportionably leſs.
Now if theſe Atoms are Material, why,
Since they the ſmall parts of the Compound be,
Doth not the *Whole* at length by parcels die?
Do they a ſecret unknown Vertue bear;
To change into their Kind the Ambient Air:
As all, Fire meets, doth his fierce Nature wear?
As *Load-ſtones* in the *Iron* their Vertue leave;
For what they touch, to *Iron* again will cleave?
Or do the Odours, that they thus diſcloſe,
When they have circled round, i'th' Drugs repoſe?
In their firſt Parent looſe themſelves again,
And ſo their Odour, Bulk, and Weight maintain?
As Tapers in faſt-cloſed Urnes are found,—
(Whoſe Circling Rays do move for ever round)
To feed on Unctuous Fumes, they from them caſt;
Supply themſelves, and ſo can never waſt.
I paſs the Doubts, that ly i'th' Senſe of *Taſt*:
And thoſe as great, that are in *Feeling* plac'd.
For whereſoe'r We look's an unknown Coaſt,
Our Mind perplex'd in endleſs Storms is toſt;
And in th' *Abyſs* all Wit and Learning loſt.
There may more *Senſes* be, that yet We want,
Whoſe Abſence renders Us ſo Ignorant.

We

We known't, how high *Angelick* Senſe doth riſe,
Nor what th' Intelligences makes ſo wiſe.
We wondrous Acts done by the Creatures ſee,
Nor can We tell, but they new *Senſes* be.
What makes the *Cock* at his due Seaſons crow,
And Time of Midnight ſo exactly know?
How doth the *Halcyon* future Calmes preſage,
And how Sea fowl approaching Tempeſt's Rage?
When they to *Iſles* retire, and Seamen ſhow
(Their Hate and Terrour) Storms before they blow.
Why Palms do flouriſh, when to Palms they'r nigh;
And when they'r parted, or decay, or die?
How doth the *Needle* his dear *North* purſue,
What *Senſe* doth learn him to be ever true?
Why doth the *Magnet* his Courſe *Iron* enfold,
Nor can be Brib'd by what's more Precious, *Gold?*
The Subjects that for *Sympathy* are fam'd,
And what by Us *Antipathies* are nam'd,
May different *Senſes* be; and ſo may thoſe,
Whoſe Nature all our Learning can't diſcloſe;
That do above our Ignorant darkneſs riſe,
Loſt in the name of *Occult-Qualities*,
Th' *Aſylum* of the *Slothfull* or *Unwiſe*.

Boaſt of thy *Mechaniſm*, vain Friend, no more;
Nor think theſe Depths by Reaſon to explore.
Fix on what Part Thou wilt in all the Round,
Queſtions ariſe, thy Wiſdom will confound.
What may Opinions try, no *Standard's* known,
Where Genuine Truth from falſhood may be ſhown;
But gloomy Miſts over the Mind do rowl,
And Prejudice doth prepoſſeſs the Soul.
All here we know's but *Probability*,
The Utmoſt Bound, to which our Wit can fly,
And that which Terminates *Philoſophy*.

One Starts a *Wit*; the Schools his Schemes allow;
Untill *Another* Specious grounds doth ſhow,
And doth the long-built *Fabrick* overthrow.
All ſtrive for Empire, both in *State* and *Wit*,
He's Victor, unto whom the reſt ſubmit.
But here's the Fate of Both, Both ſlippery ſtand,
And yield to th' next Intruder their Command.
How wretched 'tis to truſt on Chance, that's blind!
It brings no Comfort to the doubtfull Mind.
The Human Soul can't reſt on ſuch a Guide,
Nor's with unthinking Matter ſatisfied.
No Truth from Principles ſo weak can flow,
The more We ſearch, the Darker ſtill We grow.
Doubts after Doubts ariſe, and when one's done,
New Crowding Numbers haſtning hurry on.
And what appear'd a Trifle to our Mind,
At nearer inſight We a Myſtery find.
So Countries ſeem to *Seamen* from the ſhore
But ſmall; yet when they farther do explore,
They find with ſtretch'd-out Arms the widened Coaſt;
Till the bold Eye is in the Proſpect loſt.
A Wiſe, Juſt, *Being* over all preſides,
The turns of Stupid Thoughtleſs Matter guides;
Whoſe boundleſs *Wiſdom* knows to govern all
The Startling Wonders of this changing *Ball*.
In *Him* Man's Happy and his Soul at reſt;
Doubts are huſht up and Peace becalms the breaſt.
Courage on his Alliance doth depend;
In Him our anxious Fears and Terrours end.
"We in the *Deity* alone can reſt,
"And in that *Acquieſcence* muſt be bleſt.

A Pin-

A Pindarique *Ode in Praiſe of* Angling.

To My Worthy Friend Mr. Thomas Bateman.

STANZA I.

WAter, thou mighty Univerſal Good,
Thou Mother of *Fertility*;
Thou *Nature's* Vital Blood!
That thrô Earth's crooked Veins doſt ſlide,
Thrô ſecret Caverns and dark Ways doſt glide;
And with thy Kindly Influence
Doſt Life and Vigour to the Whole diſpence:
Thy Power doth thrô all Parts of Nature wind;
All, that we *Feel*, or *Smell*, or *Taſt*, or *See*,
All owe their Birth and Growth to *Thee*!
Thy Moiſture doth the parts of Bodies join,
Hard *Rocks* and *Adamants* thy Vertue find:
An unſeen Balm each Particle doth tie,
Doth them in laſting *Friendſhip* twine;
Which, when by *Chymick* Art extracted thence,
The ſeparated *Parts* do all
To ſcorned Duſt and Rubbiſh fall:
Wiſely did *Thales* Thee the Sourſe of All things call!

II.

Old Fainting *Nature* thou doſt keep alive;
With pleaſing *Cordial* doſt her ſtrength retrieve,
Which ſhe doth thirſtily drink down.
And th' Age ſhall come, as Sacred *Bards* have told,
Which they in Heaven's high Laws have found enrol'd;
When Heat ſhall th' Earth's *Balſamick* Moiſture ſink,
Inſatiate Heat the *Radical Moiſture* drink;

And,

And th' Feaveriſh World ſhall burn and fry
Deliquiums and ſtrange *Syncopes* endure
Till th' *Hectick* Fire beyond all Medicine grown,
The Circling *Zodiack* ſhall in pieces fly
And melted by the rageing *Calenture*,
Th' Eternal *Poles* ſhall ſink and all
The Maſſy Rocks, the Earth's Foundation
Into the deep-wrought Pit of ſure Deſtruction fall.

III.

Bleſs'd *Element*! How gratefull to my Mind!
Nurſe of Delight and pleaſing Joy!
What Charms can I in thy Embraces find!
No wonder wiſe Antiquity
Did Beauteous Nymphs to *Chryſtal* Rivers turn;
And made their Lovers i'th' cool Streams to burn.
Enchanting Goddeſs! without Thee
The World would all a *Lybian* Deſert be;
Hot ſcalding Sands would o're its Surface ſpread,
And noxious Beaſts and pois'nous Serpents breed.
Thou deck'ſt the Lovers ſhady Bowers,
Thou dreſſeſt up the Meads with Flowers;
Thy four-fold Streams thrô Paradiſe did run
Dreſs'd by the Hand Divine,
Silver'd by Thee, and *Gilded* by the Sun.
Ceres to Thee her Growth doth ow;
And *Bacchus* thanks Thee for his Generous Wine,
Bred by the *Sun* and thy ſweet Flowers!
And Gods to Thee their Gratitude ſhould ſhow,
From whom their *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* flow!

IV.

Here in *Elyſian* Fields by chiding Rills
The Off-ſpring o'th' eternal Hills;
Beneath a pleaſing Shade, that can defeat
The *Sun's* impetuous Heat;

Where

Where *Zephyr* gently murmurs thrô the Bowers,
And dallies with the ſmiling Flowers,
And all the winged *Choriſters* above
In melting ſtrains ſing to the God of *Love*:
While pleaſed *Nature* doth a ſilence keep,
Even Hills do Nod, and Rivers ſeem to Sleep:
Here with a *Friend*, Copartner of my Joys,
Whoſe Artfull Soul knows every way
The ſcaly Off-ſpring to betray,
The bold, the fearfull, or the cautious *Prey*:
I an extenſive Empire lay
O're all the watry Plain;
And numerous Subjects do our Scepters fear.
SALMON, the King of Rivers, that each Year
Removes his watry Court to th' Sea;
But with the *Sun* and Spring returns again,
And o're all Bars of Art, or Nature, flies,
O're Floodgates, Wears and Rocks his Courſe doth ſteer.
And if the *Alpes* in's Paſſage lay
Like *Hannibal* would find, or force, a Way.
The Beauteous *TROUT*, of the ſame Princely Blood,
But of a leſs Eſtate and kept at Home,
Confin'd to his own narrow Flood,
Can't with ſuch State o're diſtant Regions roam.
In his own fenced Court ſecure he lies;
Till by ſome treacherous Bait betray'd, he dies.
The ravenous *PYKE*, the River-*Wolf*, whoſe Throat
Like Hell promiſcuouſly all ſwallows down;
Bold and Rapacious a great Tyrant reigns
O're all the Subjects of the watry Plains.
No Kind hath an Exemption got;
To him no Rule of Love or Kindred's known:
The Fury of his Jaws not his own Race can ſhun.

V. With

V.

With theſe the armed *PEARCH*, that dares
Even with the Tyrant *Pyke* make wars,
And doth a petty Empire own
O're all the leſſer Fry;
Delicious Food to curious Palates known.
BREAM, that i'th' calmy Deeps doth lie
And at great Banquets makes a Diſh of State.
BARBELL, the River-Swine,
That doth i'th' watry Regions root and eat:
In hollow Rocks doth place his Seat,
By Floodgates, Cataracts, and Bridges lies,
And all the Force of ſweeping Nets defies.
CHEVIN, that under ſhady Boughs doth play,
And's kill'd more for Delight and Sport, than Prey;
On whom the Hungry even unwilling dine.

VI.

HUMBER and *GRETLING*, that ſwift ſtreams do love
Of *Derwent*, Fruitfull *Trent*, and Chryſtal *Dove*.
CARP even by Princes priz'd, whom curious Taſts approve;
In fenced Ponds, ſafe as a Treaſure laid,
The Stream's Phyſician *TENCH*, whoſe balmy Slime
Heals all the Maladies of the watry Clime.
The ſilver *EEL*, that yet doth keep unknown
Her Secret way of Propagation:
Theſe and a Crowd of *Species* more
That live on many a diſtant Shore;
Some that in *Beauty* do exceed;
Some that in *Strength* and ſome in *Speed*:
And ſome by Nature arm'd for bloody *Fight*.
Some that in fertil *Mudd* do feed,
Some that in barren *Sands* delight,
Some that fenc'd *Rocks* and woody Shades do own:
Beſide the ignoble leſſer Fry,

The

The *Rabble* of the watry Clime,
Not worth a Fiſher's Time,
And more unworthy Memory,
Deſtin'd by Fate the Greater's Prey to be,
I'th' Water's curs'd *Democraſie*,
Are Subjects all of our Dominion.

VII.

With artfull Hand and with judicious Eye
We ſleave the Artificial *Fly*.
Nature, the Univerſal Guide,
In every ſtep and progreſs She doth make,
Our *Art* can overtake:
There's not an Inſect, dreſs'd in all the Pride,
In all the pompous gawdy Pageantry,
That *Nature's* Wardrobe can create,
But our unbounded *Art* can imitate.
All, that on Plants, or Simples breed,
All, that on Trees, or Waters feed;
All, that the fruitfull Spring,
The *Sun* and *Heat* do to Perfection bring;
All, that do grow from Putrefaction:
Each Colour, Shade, and Shape, that's made
I'th' Univerſal Shop, where lie
The Molds, in which each Creature's laid
And Garbs, each Inſect do inveſt,
Our Artfull Bait puts on,
By a quick Eye and a rich Fancy dreſt.
So true, it can't Diſtinguiſh'd be
By *Trout* or *Greyling's* piercing Eye.

VIII.

With Art contriv'd, manag'd with Art, the *Fly*,
By ſteady Hand and nimble Eye,
To any diſtant Place we throw;
And th' fatal Bait to credulous Eyes do ſhow:

VVary, as Treaſon lurks, we move
Silence do all Conſpiracies improve.
The deadly Bait ſhakes pendent in the Air,
Deadly and fatal, as a Blazing ſtar,
Deſtruction with it falls to all, are near:
Infectious Influence it doth breathe
None can its Charms deny:
" So ſteep and ſlippery are the Ways to Death.

IX.

Sometimes in pitty to the watry Race
Our generous Endeavours preſs
To kill the Raving Tyrant of the Flood
The *Pyke*, that his own Subjects makes his Food;
Waylays the Streams and beaten Roads
And common ways to their Aboads,
And all, that in his Reach do come,
Do in his hungry Entrails find a Tomb.
Hunger, that Death to all about doth breathe,
Fatal to him doth his own Death bequeath:
A Captive Fiſh in Chains we tie;
Which, *Decius*-like, with comely State
Doth for his Kindred's ſafety boaſt to die:
With all inviting Motions plays,
That may deſire and hunger raiſe,
And draw the *Tyrant* to the deadly Bait:
And how doth he rejoyce,
To periſh with him in one common Fate?
While all the Kindred Fry,
In crowding Shoals expreſs their Joy,
That now untroubled *Peace* doth o're the Waters fly.

X.

Of Old —— —— —— ——
The happy Man, that did a Tyrant ſlay,
And a ſlav'd People to their Freedom bring;
Or He, that from ſome deadly Dragon's Sting,

Or

Or bloody Jaws of Beaſts of Prey
The frighted Multitude did free;
Each joyfull Mouth did ſing his Praiſe,
With honour'd Wreaths each hand his Head did crown:
Statues and Obelisks the Crowd did raiſe;
And Garlands on Triumphant Arches nod;
And the next Age made him a God:
Thus *Python's* Death *Apollo's* Godhead gave;
And *Hydra* ſlain render'd *Alcides* Brave.
What Honour then to Us belongs,
What Praiſes, and what juſt Renown,
Who th' watry Race from their Great *Tyrant* ſave?
The watry Race, whoſe ſilent Tongues
Cannot in melting Numbers Pray,
Nor Thanks for Favours lent repay!
Mean Souls may long Intreaties love,
Them Proſpects of Rewards may move:
That Favor's Great, which without theſe is Generouſly done.

XI.

Sometimes with patient Skill
We watch the Motion of our trembling Quill:
No Force, nor Tyranny we uſe;
Each Fiſh, or may accept, or may refuſe:
And no One's took, but he that will.
All the inviting Baits we prove,
Which Nature naked doth preſent,
Or Art, her Handmaid, doth improve:
And if we find their Stomacks low
All Dainties, that on Nature's Boſom grow,
And all ſweet melting Paſts we uſe;
Rich, *Aromatick*, Drugs infuſe
With cleanly Art and Neatneſs ſpent:
(Cleanlineſs much the watry Race doth love,
Who every moment waſh their Filth away.)

All, that may pleaſe their curious Scent,
Or their more-curious Eye;
That thoſe, whom *Hunger* doth not move,
Are took by *Wantonneſs* and *Curioſity*:

XII.

Bleſs'd Art! for Contemplation fit,
And towring Sallys of the Mind;
Where *Fancy* free and unconfin'd,
To diſtant Objects takes her Flight.
Sometimes from ſtreams in humble Vales below
We to th' Celeſtial *Cataracts* do riſe,
And viſit all the Scaly Race
That ſtreams, above-the-Firmament, do grace,
And Angle with a *Jacob's* Staff!
Now we to meaner Subjects bow,
On our own *Chryſtal* Rivers gaze,
And ſee the World decipher'd in the Glaſs,
And at its ſerious Follies laugh!
See *Tyranny* i'th' Ravenous *Pyke* is ſhown,
I'th' Armed *Pearch Oppreſſion*,
And in the Servile Crowd *Paſſive* Subjection;
The Servile Crowd, that ne'r of Wrongs complain.---
Curs'd *Democratick* State;----
That doth no Law or Precepts own,
But headlong Fury over all doth reign.
And all the leſſer Fry
Without or Crime, or Cauſe, muſt dy,
Onely becauſe they'r Small and others Great.

XIII.

Raptur'd Delight! the Soul, that loves not Thee,
Whom Fatal Pleaſures o'th' Deceitfull Court,
Or *Sycophantick* Flattery,
Whom Riches, or whom Honours ſway,
Or whom Revenge doth draw away,

Or

Or other low or baſe Deſign miſlead
From thy ſerener Sport;
May He upon ſome naked Beach,
That o'r thoſe Streams doth hang, he cannot reach,
Or may he in a *Lybian* Deſert dwell
With burning rowling Sands o'reſpread,
One Degree on this ſide Hell:
May he among the Cinders live and burn,
Till he a perfect *Salamander* turn:
With raging Thirſt for cooling Currents long,
But never get one Drop to cool his Tongue.
And if a Fiſh he e'r doth chance to ſee,
May it a *Crocodile* or *Hydra* be:
May ſcaly Serpents round his Temples twine,
Serpents, whoſe Heat
Their blood doth up to Poyſon boil:
May *Aſps* and *Adders* be his Meat,
And blood of *Dragons* be his Wine;
May He far off behold a flowry Plain,
And winding Rivers thrô it ſmile,
Like *Tantalus* to' increaſe his pain:
May theſe to him be ſeen, (tween!
As to the Damn'd the Joys of Heaven, with a vaſt Gulf be-
May all theſe Plagues doubled to him reſort,
That any Poaching Ways doth uſe,
Or th' Honour of our Art abuſe,
Or with devouring Nets doth ſpoil our Sport.

XIV.

May I (far from deſire of being Great)
Enjoy a little Quiet Seat,
That overlooks a *Chryſtal* Stream:
With Mind as Calm, as is her Brow,
Pure as the Fountain, whence her Waters flow;
Thoſe Pleaſures taſt a *Cynick* could not blame.

And

And may (Ye watry *Siſters* all,
With Fruitfulneſs and Plenty crown'd)
May all your Dewy Bleſſings on Me fall!
Ye, that from craggy Rocks do take Your Source,
Or from the Flowry Hills do grow:
All, that in hollow Vaults reſound,
Or do from Fruitfull Valleys flow:
All, that thrô Rocks Your way do force,
And foaming Waves in pieces daſh;
All, that in Flowry Meadows ſtray,
And with Your Amorous Banks do play;
All, whoſe proud Waves the Walls of Citties waſh;
All, that thrô Deſerts take Your Courſe.
All, whoſe wide Boſoms *Ships* do plow,
Which *Vice* and *Riches* bring:
All, that to humble Cotes do bow,
And hear the Jolly Shepherds, when they ſing:
The Haughty, Rapid, and Imperious Dames;
The Still, the Quiet, and Soft-gliding Streams:
May all aſſiſt the *Angler's* harmleſs Sport,
And with Full Hands unto Our Line Reſort;
All, that with Silver Feet
In Melting Numbers and Harmonious Strains,
Immortal *Spencer* once did cauſe to meet
On th' Marriage-Day of *Medway* and of *Thames*!

On the Honourable the Counteſs Dowager OF GAINSBOROW, *&c.*

EMbodied Vertue, Light of Humane Race,
Your Age's Glory and Your Sexe's Grace,
Whoſe Fair Example *Vice* it ſelf might move
To be a *Proſelyte* to Vertuous Love.
And ah! what Sinner could the Force oppoſe;
When *Vertue* from ſo ſtrict a *Beauty* flows,
Beauty, that double Charms on Worth beſtows.
Lately the World of Your Rare Wedlock rang,
And Angels of the Nuptial Concord ſang,
When a *Male Vertue* equally was plac'd
With Yours, embracing and alike Embrac'd;
Two Souls in one Diſſolving Rapture couch'd,
With the ſame *Magnet* Two bleſt Souls were touch'd;
So Juſt the Flame, ſo Equal the Deſire;
As if One Soul two Bodies did inſpire
Not with a *Raging*, but a *Lambent*, Fire.
This Mutual Friendſhip all admiring ſaw,
And Glorious Copies thence began to draw;
When ah! the Generous *Heroe* ſank away,
Remorceleſs Death ſeiz'd the Illuſtrious Prey,
And left Your Single Light to gild our Day.
Thus when the ſhining *Monarch* of the Skies,
Below the *Weſtern* Mountains faints and Dies;
Singly the ſilver *Moon* his Place ſupplies.

Ten.

Ten thouſand Luminaries round Her wait,
And ſilently adore Her Princely State:
Above them all the Beauteous Goddeſs goes,
And Gracious Beams on her Attendants throws:
The Gladſome World approve Her Empire well,----
And now ſcarce miſs the *Sun*, That but ſo lately fell.

THE SUBMARINE VOYAGE.

A Pindarick Poem IN FOUR PARTS.

By Tho. Heyrick, M. A. *Formerly of* Peter-*House College in* Cambridge.

Πωλεῖται τις δεῦρο [Νέων] ἀλιφρ. Νημερτὴς
Ἀθανάτῳ, Πρωτεύς, ——— Ὅς τε θαλάσσης
Πάσης βένθεα οἶδε, Ποσειδάωνος ὑπόδμως.

Homer. Odyss. Δ. V. 384. &c.

CAMBRIDGE,
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M. DC. XCI.

FOUR PARTS

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord ROOS Eldeſt-Son

To the Earl of *RUTLAND, &c.*

My Lord,

THIS Poem, *drawn by the loud Fame of Your* Learning *and* Candour, *comes from the remoteſt Parts of the World to fall down at your Honour's Feet; there being not one Part of the* Earth *or* Sea, *which is not fill'd with the Report of Your Goodneſs, and which doth not know, that Your Family is the* Aſylum *of* Arts *and* Arms. *It hath paſs'd ſafely the* Northern *Snows, and* Southern *Fires; nor hath it been ſwallow'd up in the mercileſs Gulf. It hath been preſerv'd from the Savage Monſters of the Sea, and the as-ſavage* Indian *Cannibals. It hath viſited both* Indies, *and it would be too hard a Fate to have it ſuffer Shipwrack in the Port. It flies to You for Protection from a ſort of Monſters,*

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Africk *never bred, nor the* Indies *are acquainted with; whom the Sea never produc'd, nor can ſhew in its Depths and Abyſſes,* viz. *thoſe* Momes, *whoſe ſtrength lies not in their Teeth, but their Tongue; who kill not for Hunger, but Malice; and whoſe Words are like the pois'ned Arrows of the* Indians. *It hath ſeen the greateſt Rarities in the World, which it finds outdone in Your Self; and with an admiration, it never was touch'd with before, begs leave to adore thoſe Perfections, which it is not in the power of Words to expreſs. Which if Your Honour vouchſafe, it will be the greateſt Credit and Security, that a Mortal Muſe could ever deſerve, or deſire; and conſequently an Eternal and Weighty Obligation to*

(My Lord)

Your Honour's

Moſt Humble and

Obliged Servant

THO. HEYRICK.

The Submarine Voyage.

A PINDARIQUE Ode.

PART I.

STANZA I.

UPON a Promontory's Point,
That ſtretch'd out far into the Sea;
That of perpetual War had bore the dint,
Of foming Waves, and angry Surges ſway:
A Deſolate and lonely Place,
Where *Seales* ſecurely play'd,
And feathered Fowl their winged off-ſpring laid;
But unfrequented by all Human Race,
I ſtood: By wild Meanders thither led,
My wearied Feet had wandred with my Head,
Loſt in the Maze of thought:
Steep headlong Cliffs my eager footſteps ſtayd,
And I a Scene of Seas ſurvey'd,
Which mixed Fear and Pleaſure brought:
Whoſe beauteous Boſom ſmooth and fair,
Did all the charms and flattery wear,
With which ſhe us'd to cheat the credulous Mariner;
When Smiling ſhe invited to betray.
The Wanton waves did with the Sun-beams play:
(If any Waves did there appear)

The

The liquid Plains were folded up to reſt.
The wars of Nature ſeem'd to ſleep:
Peace ſtretch'd her Downy feathers o're the Deep,
And the calm-brooding *Halcyon* built her Neſt.

II.

A Sail far off dreſs'd in the height of pride
Top and Top-Gallant did in triumph ride:
The ſubject Waves did groan beneath the weight,
Which ſoon ſhould by the Change of Fate,
(Such a Viciſſitude of things is laid)
Exalt themſelves above her Lofty head.
The careleſs Crue within in Mirth and Joy
Their few ſhort Moments did employ,
Nor e're dream'd of their haſt'ning Deſtiny.
For lo! a ſuddain Storm did rend the Air:
The ſullen Heaven, curling in frowns its brow,
Did dire preſaging Omens ſhow;
Ill-boding *Helena* alone was there.
The ſtarting Sun deny'd his Light,
Not willing to behold the ſight;
Nothing ſo mercileſs as Night!
Mountainous Waves came crowding from afar,
That threatned even to Heaven a War.
The bonds of Nature ſeemed broak,
And her foundations with the Tempeſt ſhook:
As thô the looſe diſjoynted World
Was to be once more in a Chaos hurl'd.
The labouring Bark in vain doth ſtrive
In Cataracts of Seas to live:
Her Mizen's gone, the Sail-yard cracks,
Her Rudder's loſt, the Mainmaſt breaks:
On the deaf Gods in vain they call,
The Gods to their own Empire look,
Are more with Fear than Pitty ſtrook,

And

And the Tenth wave doth ſink them all.
Into the vaſt Abyſs they fall — —
They and their Great Deſigns:
The hopes of Merchandiſe and Gain,
The Dear-bought price of Dangerous pain,
Their Golden dreams of undiſcover'd Mines.

III.

Bleſs me! cry'd I, what dubious Fate
On mortall Men doth wait.
Blindly in deadly Paths we walk,
The Meſſengers of Death about us ſtalk;
Unſeen their Ambuſhments are laid,
Arreſt us, when there ſeems leaſt cauſe of Dread.
In other things alike; with anxious Pain
We ſtrive Diſcoveries to gain,
Which mock our wearied Expectation.
Skin-deep we only pierce, and what's behind
Is unknown Regions, we can never find:
The floting Iſlands ſhow themſelves and then they'r gone.

IV.

How deſpicable is our State below;
What fetters choak the ſoaring Mind:
Little of Truth in all the Maſs we find,
That may Rewards on Painfull years beſtow.
Dark Miſts and Errours us ſurround,
We walk upon Enchanted ground,
Spectres and Phantôms fill the Round.
Mormoes dreſs'd up in Antick ſhapes appear,
And what we graſp but fills our Arms with Air.
With wandring Eyes we Heaven behold,
And ſee the ſtarry Orbs from far,
Percieve that they are rowl'd,
But yet the hidden Wheels a Secret are.

From

From what Materials they are bred;
Their Diſtance and their Magnitude;
And if they be inhabited, ———
Are ſecrets that our Minds elude.

V.

So we the ſurface of the Earth behold:
Where Joy and Plenty hath her Boſom crown'd,
Where burning Sands do curſe the Barren ground:
Where with Prolifick heat ſhe ſmiles,
And where ſhe's fetter'd up with cold:
Where Craggy rocks lift their aſpiring head;
Where ſhe ſinks down into a fruitfull Mead,
And with ſoft joy the Mind beguiles:
Where Beauteous Nymphs with ſilver feet do tread:
We ſee her Civil and her Antick dreſs,
Where ſhe's a Paradiſe, and where a Wilderneſs.

VI.

But this our Knowledge and our Sight confines,
What is below's a Secret made:
Where Precious ſtones in hidden beds are laid;
Where Quarries riſe or Rivers wind,
That under Mighty rocks their paſſage find;
Or where's the Seat of undiſcover'd Mines.
Where Princely Cities once did ſhow their head,
Now in their Ruines buried.
Where Sacred Monuments of Kings were plac'd,
The falſe Repoſitories of the dead,
By Eating Time defac'd.
What is betwixt us and the Center ſet,
What are the Rocks, on which the Earth is rais'd:
How they endure the Subterraneous heat,
And keep in bounds the Central fire,
By which at laſt the Fabrick muſt expire.

Theſe all are Myſteries, which we can't undoe ;
For when we would below the ſurface know,
Our native Soil an unknown Land doth grow.

VII.

But who of Thee, falſe Element, can ſpeak,
Thou treacherous Sea ! that ſmil'ſt to wrack ?
That doſt new Faces every day put on,
As Variable, as thy Guide, the Moon.
What boundleſs Mind can fathom Thee,
That by thy Changing ſhun'ſt Diſcovery ?
And why, Juſt Heaven, doſt thou long Life beſtow
O'th' ſenceleſs *Hart* and ſtupid *Crow* ;
O'th' *Serpent*, that her Skin can caſt,
And th' *Eagle*, that doth many Ages laſt :
To whom it nothing doth Import ;
That can't to Noble Speculations riſe,
Nor Nature's ſecrets view with ſharp ſagacious Eyes ?
Why ſhould ſwift Change ſnatch man's ſhort Thread away,
That only can due Homage pay,
The great Attendant on thy Court :
And why ſhould *Art* be long, and *Life* be ſhort ?
Why ſhould Amphibious Creatures ſee
What doth to Man a Secret lye ;
Into the Depth of the Abyſs go down,
And in two Empires live, while Man's confin'd to one ?

VIII.

May ſome kind *Genius* gratify
My daring Curioſity,
That would the Seas ſurpriſing Bottom ſee !
The Wonders, Nature ſecret keeps
In her vaſt Storehouſe of the Deeps ;
The various Plants, that Deck the watry Plain ;
The Trees and Shrubs, that it adorn,
And precious Products, that on them are born ;

The maſſy Heaps of Pearl and Golden Oar,
The working Sea hath driven up in ſtore;
With all the ſcatter'd Riches of the Main:
The numerous ſubjects of the Realm of Waves,
The Fountains of the Deep and Subterranean Caves!

IX.

— —— Scarce had I ſpoke,
When *Neptune* chanc'd my wiſh to hear,
That's often Deaf to ſhipwrack'd Wretches Prayer;
And lik'd my bold Ambition well. — —
A ſudden Numbneſs all my Members ſtroke:
The cheerfull Light, that welcome Comfort gives,
And th' wearied Mind with Joy relieves,
With an unpleaſing force my Eyes did ſtrike,
And the Sun's heat I did diſlike.
Weary o'th' too-thin piercing Air,
Another Element my thoughts Employs:
The watry Plains I view'd with pleaſed Eyes.
Fearleſs the noiſe of Storms I hear,
The foaming Surges bring no cauſe of fear;
And Hurricanes become familiar.
I long'd to viſit *Neptune*'s Court,
And ſee the *Tritons* and the Sea-Nymphs ſport.
Mean while within a Change I found;
Nature was working ſome new feat,
And ſummon'd all her Powers to meet,
Armour of ſcales enclos'd me round:
My Hands and Legs did nimble Fins diſplay,
That could through yielding Water cut their way.
And from the Cliff, whoſe Downfall ſtemm'd the Eye,
And made even ſtarting Nature fly,
Fearleſs I caſt my ſelf into the Sea. —

A *Dol-*

A *Dolphin* now I ſport and play i'th' Main,
Do unto Man my Ancient Love retain:
And Reaſon ſtill and Curioſity remain.

X.

But oh! what Language doth ſuffice to tell
The Rapine and Oppreſſion,
The Armed Force and Violence,
That in thoſe liquid Regions dwell?
Juſtice and Equity were flown,
And Right and Property not known:
No Laws to be the Poor's defence,
No Tenderneſs to Innocence:
The Leſs became the Greaters Prey,
Only becauſe they could not fight:
And while theſe others ſwallow, They,
And what they had devour'd, became anothers Right.
No one by Might or Subtlety's ſecur'd;
The Greater ſtill commands the Leſſer's fate;
Now this devours, and now he is devour'd:
All on unruly Appetite doth wait.
So curſed is an Anarchy
So inſupportable Democraſie.
Inſatiate Element! how well with Thee
Do thy Inhabitants agree!
Pitty from both of you is baniſhed,
Juſtice from both of you is fled:
And when you do devour,
You both are hungry ſtill and gape for more.

XI.

There was a Rock that overlook'd the flood,
That the Seas Terminating Pillar ſtood;

By battering Waves in numerous Ages rent,
Or Earthquake's fury, from the Continent:
Whoſe Craggy Cliffs no other Race did bear,
But Birds, the wild Inhabitants o'th' Air,
That to the ſubject Sea for food repair:
Under whoſe ſide --whether by Nature's skill
By giddy Chance, or ſome Diviner will,
Or teeth of Time, or reſtleſs Waves, that tear
The hardeſt Rocks, and ſteelieſt Mountains wear;
And (did not heavenly Powers their fury ſtay)
Even Nature's fixed Barrs would eat away,
A Cave was form'd --a Refuge for th' oppreſs'd,
Where injur'd Innocence ſecure might reſt.
'Tis ſaid, when Giants with the Gods did fight,
This ſhelter'd frighted *Neptune* in his flight:
Since which no armed Force may it invade,
But 'tis for Wretches an *Aſylum* made.

XII.

Hither I fled, affrighted at the Sight
Of bleeding Juſtice and of injur'd Right,
Oppreſs'd by all-commanding unrelenting Might.
Hither the Love-ſick *Tritons* oft did come
And to the Pittileſs Rocks lament their doom:
With Mournfull ſtrains their Sea-Nymphs pride rehearſe
To the regardleſs Rocks in poliſh'd verſe;
Whoſe tunefull Accents the rude Waves diſperſe.
Here wanton Meremaids often would reſort,
And ſpend the Halcyon days in various ſport:
Invent new Arts to make them look more Fair,
Comb and adorn their Green diſ-ſhevell'd Hair.
And here be-nighted *Neptune* ſometimes keeps his Court.

XIII. Hence

XIII.

Hence from my Safe Retreat,
With Eyes, that trembled yet for Dread,
I ſaw the Pearls ly in their Mother-Bed;
From Heavenly Dew and Drops of Night,
And from tranſparent Moiſture bred:
Enlivened by *Sol's* Genial Heat:
How Drop by Drop the Films are made,
Th' Attracted Moiſture o'r them ſpread,
Till they by New Acceſſions grown,
Adorn'd with Dazling Sparkling Light,
Are fit to' Inrich an Haughty Monarch's Crown.
The uſeleſs, undiſturbed Store,
No Savage Hand had tore:
No daring *Negro* from the Bottom bore.
But th' o'rſtock'd Soil, preſs'd with the too Rich Load,
Might ſend new *Colonies* abroad,
And Furniſh all the Neighbouring Sea.
What boundleſs Riches in ſmall ſpace do ly;
When each one might a Province buy,
And Laviſh *Cleopatra* feaſt and *Anthony*?

XIV.

Here *Marchaſites* and unripe Mettals ly,
From the next Promontory rent,
By th' never ſparing Sea:
Uſeleſs as yet,
The Precious Compounds want
The Sun's engendring Heat;
Which by kind Nature's Aid,
And Hatching Time, will once Mature be made,
And ly for Future Days a Bleſs'd Diſcovery.
The Artfull Salts, the *Chymiſts* uſe,
That Wonders can produce:

The Minerals, that have the Art
New Shapes to Mettals to impart,
And Monſtrous Changes cauſe
In ſpight of Nature's fixed Laws:
Th' Ingredients, that Compoſe
(If ſuch are unto Nature known)
The *Philoſophick* Stone,
Which Thirſty *Chymiſts* (that ſo Dote on gain,
They Broyl in the Devouring Fire in vain;
While all their Hopes in Empty Smoke do fly)
At any Value would obtain,
Would at an *Eaſtern* Kingdom's Purchaſe buy.---

XV.

There lies a Broken Anker, on whoſe Truſt
The Lives of all the Nautick Crew were Weigh'd;
That ſcarcely bore the firſt impetuous Guſt,
But Them to Rocks and Gaping Sands betray'd,
Or to the dreaded Strand:
There Heaps of Bodies under Hills of Sand,
(The *Mummies* of the Sea)
That at the *Reſurrection*-Day
Need take no Pains to make their Members hit,
Their Scatter'd Parts again to Knit;
But once inform'd with Heat and Active Fire,
Their Bodies will be found Entire,
And in one Moment be for *Riſing* fit.
Here *Guns* and *Swords* and Inſtruments of War,
That Death do give *near hand*, or from *afar*,
With thoſe, they ſlew, One Fortune ran:
Peaceably now they ly and *would* do ſo,
They of themſelves no Miſchief do,
Nor *would*, without the Cruel Hand of Man.

XVI.

There Two, that ſtrugling Sank into the Deep,
With Deadly Hate graſping Each Other faſt, Ev'en

Ev'en Dead their Hoſtile Poſtures keep;
The Enmity yet ſeems to laſt:
The ſenſeleſs Bones Each Other hold,
Not Death th' unkind Embraces could unfold:
But when the Raging Tempeſts blow,
And Tydes move all the Deep below;
The Claſhing Bones yet ſeem to Jar,
And keep up a Perpetual War.----
Another lies hard by,
That o'rboard fell with a far-ſtretch'd-out Blow,
Aim'd at his Eager Foe,
And i'th' ſame Poſture fell, i'th' ſame doth ly.
His Threatning Arm his Deadly Sword doth wield,
Menacing Death i'th' watry Field;
And to Expreſs His Ranker'd Hate within,
Dead He retains a Ghaſtly Grin.

XVII.

There Two in ſoft Embraces ſleep;
Death can't unclaſp their folded Arms:
Love is a God above His reach,
Above His Injuries and Harms,
And even can Deſtiny Obedience teach:
They yet Love's Pleaſures ſeem to reap,
Spight of Death's Adamantine Chain:
In ſpight of the great Change of Fate,
And all the Movings o'th' the unſetled Main.
A ſurly Billow bore *Her* into th' Sea,-----
Th' inflamed *Lover* could not ſtay behind,
But bid Defiance to the Wind,
And to th' Inſulting Ocean's ſway:
He leap'd into the Floud and caught
The Fatal Treaſure in His Arms;
Sunk with the Precious Weight,
Nor could refuſe to die with that Dear Load of Charms.

'Twas

'Twas not a *Death* but *Extaſie*!----
A tender Paſſion made Him graſp Her faſt,
And He in Hopes of Safety was by Her embrac't.
Venus Her Self did the kind Lovers ſee,
(*Venus* her ſelf ſprang from the Sea;)
And by Conſent of all the Powers above,
Fix't it down a firm Decree;
That from all Change and Injury free,
They ſhould remain the Monuments of Love.
Their *Bodies* here below do Join,
Their Circling Limbs in Love-knots twine:
And i'th' *Elyzian* Shades (if we
May credit what's in other Regions done)
Their once-two *Souls* are now but One.----

XVIII.

There an Indulgent Mother lies,
Embracing yet Her tender Child:
With anxious thoughts She her fair Boſom fill'd,
For Her dear Infants Safety not Her own.
Minding more its Piercing Crys,
That did to Her the Storms and Tempeſts drown;
Than the Ship's confuſed Noiſe.
When Prudence bad Her Safety ſeek,
And every Soul did at the Danger ſchreek;
She was ſinging Lullabies.
Her Head ſeems to'ward Her Child inclin'd,
Her Arms in tender Wreaths about it twin'd:
Upon its Cheeks Her Lips do reſt,
And th' Infant yet doth ſeem to ſuck Her breaſt.

XIX.

To *Friendſhip's* Laws a Sacrifice,
In State a Gallant *Hero* lies,
And in His Death Himſelf doth ſeem to Pride.
When His Friend's Lift-up Hands did help implore,

When

When Gods were deaf unto a Wretches Prayer,
And Tempeſts roar'd ſo loud, they could not hear:
The ſide, which Heaven forſook,
With Generous Pride He took:
He Jump'd into the Foaming Tide,
And Him even from the Jaws of Ruine tore.
But Fate, that envy'd Him his Praiſe,
Put a Period to His Days;
Leſt He ſhould ſtop the Deſtiny's power.
Tyr'd with the ſaving of His Friend;
(So hard 'tis Strugling with our Fate)
The angry Sea th' Occaſion caught;
Commanded Tempeſts to attend,
And got a Worthleſs Victory
O'r One, that was half-dead before,
And yet o'r One, that cannot dy,
But in the Boſom of his Friend Survives;
And in the Book of *Fame* for ever Lives;
One ſtep alone on this ſide Immortality.

XX.

Here a Ship's Hulk, that many Storms had bore,
Viſited many a Diſtant Shore,
Enrich'd with *Eaſtern* and with *Weſtern* Store,
Now ſunk grows Richer, than it was before.
Oyſters, that Pearls breed in their Fruitfull Womb,
Do in her empty Cabbins ly:
Mountains of Golden Sand do for Her Ballaſt come,
And Amber-greaſe doth all the Hold employ.
Nothing to' enrich a Kingdom doth remain,
But once to make Her Tight and Fit to Sail again.

XXI.

There One, juſt ſinking in a Storm, yet ſtaid
To take with Him his God,
O'rwhelmed with the Precious Load,

A Quick-untimely Paſſage to the Bottom made.
In's Arms the Fatal Cheſt He yet doth hold,
Embraces, what his Ruine was, his Gold.
And what far more than Life was priz'd above,
Retains below unalterable Love.
Here Shatter'd Limbs and Scatter'd Treaſures ly,
And never nearer come:
The Greedy Hand, that all did claſp,
Inſatiably for more did roam,
Now ſenſeleſs don't at Gold and Jewels graſp,
Which in his reach do lie,
Death nums the Covetous Hand and blinds the Greedy Eye.

XXII.

See there an once-Inſatiate Head,
Ambitious, Covetous and Vain,
Whom never Bounds or Limits could contain!
Pearls ſtick his hollow Eye-holes full,
And Gold crams up his empty Skull.
And what alive He ne'r could gain
By Fraud, by Prayers, or by Command,
He Purchaſes when Dead:
Even Rings (by th' working of the Sea)
Which the laſt Wrack became the Ocean's Prey,
Are Shuffled Artfully upon his hands:
That if his Covetous Soul could ſee
The State, in which He Dead doth ly,
She'd chooſe 't before a Life of Immortality.

XXIII.

There One, new-dead, becomes the Fiſhes prey,
And juſtling Crowds his Members gnaw;
His mangled Limbs around do draw.
Haddocks and *Codds* make Him their meat;
Lobſters and *Crabs* his Entrails eat,
And in his hollow Trunk their Eggs do lay.

And theſe by the next Fiſher took,
By pleaſing Bait and deadly Hook,
Become to Men luxurious food.
Men do Mankind in Fiſhes eat, and they
On Men revenge their near Relations blood.
A Mixture in our Nature is,
And the next ſtep's a *Metempſychoſis*.

XXIV.

There One, by Chance, or by kind Fate,
Entombed lay in ſo much ſtate,
As might the Envy of the World create.
He was ſtretch'd out upon a *Pearly* Bed,
On ſparkling Heaps of *Gold* his Head,
Branches of *Corall* round his Temples twind,
And like an artfull Shrowd his Limbs enſhrind:
The *Fyllegrin* Caſe ſhow'd all within,
And Studs of *Pearls* did at due diſtance ſhine.
No Mortal ſure was ever laid
In ſo Magnificent, ſo rich a Room:
'Twas worth the Dying to have ſuch a Tomb. ----
A thouſand Wonders more I did ſurvey;
Round unregarded Heaps of Treaſure lay
To every bold Adventurer a Prey;
But Fear ſtill kept me in.-----
From far the precious Mountains ſhine,
And every daring Soul invite:
And oh! thought I, might I be Guide
To *Engliſh* Ships, that there might freight,
I could do more than *PHIPPS* and all his *Divers* did.

XXV.

By chance it was a ſolemn Day
Neptune made a Proceſſive Round;
Rode in's Triumphal Chariot o'r the Sea
With Pride of all the *Ocean's* Beauties crownd.

'Twas in remembrance of the Time,
When he o'reburthen'd with the weight,
The Cares and Stings of his Imperial State,
When Hoſtile Robbers did his Realm infeſt,
Ravaged all the Watry Clime,
Broke up his Treaſures in the *Weſt* ;
The richeſt Part of his Dominion,
That had to former Ages lain unknown ;
When he in his own Court a Priſoner kept,
Durſt not ſtir out for fear of Hoſtile Force:
But underneath th' *Atlantick* Iſland crept,
And in the hollow Ruines of her ancient Caſtles ſlept.

XXVI.

In ſuch Diſtreſs the watry God
Privately left his dark Aboad ;
And under favour of the Night,
To Great *ELIZA's* Court did take his flight.
ELIZA, *Brittain's* thrice-Renowned Queen ;
ELIZA, the Illuſtrious *Heroine* ;
That Martial Spi it Patroniz'd his Cauſe,
And did aſſert his Injur'd Right.
Her tall Victorious Ships the Seas did ſcour,
Reſtor'd them to their Ancient Laws,
And Him unto his Native Power.
Great Soul! it was thy lucky Fate
The Sea and Land to vindicate:
Men to their Freedom to reſtore,
And Deities unto their Violated Power.
" To oblige *Kings* and Realms is Great,
" What then to put a *God* into thy Debt?

XXVII.

The Gratefull God the Favour own'd,
And that the Gift he might repay,
Ith' Sovereignty o'th' Sea
Her and Her Succeſſors enthron'd:

And

And Yearly kept a Feaſt upon the happy Day.
The Noble Train near my *Aſylum* drew:
Neptune th' Auſpicious Place would ſee,
That once from dreaded Danger ſet him free.
My Transformation and my Fear he knew.
And, lifting up his awfull Trident High,
He ſmote the Face o'th' liquid Deep;
And charged all the watry Fry;
That they ſhould ſafely me from force and Rapine keep.

XXVIII.

Neptune ſate in his Cha iot High
Drawn by Six *Hippopotami*;
Streamers of *Engliſh* Arms i'th' wanton Air did fly.
A Seagreen Robe was o'r his Shoulders ſpread,
Enrich'd with all th' unvaluable Store,
That Seas do breed or Storms devour:
And on his Head
A Crown of Rays from *Phœbus* ſent
Or as Acknowledgment, or Rent;
For Revelling each Night i'th' Deep,
For's hours of Paſtime or of Sleep.
On tuneſull Shells the *Tritons* playd,
The Winds and Storms to ſleep were laid,
And a profound Peace o'r the Deep was ſpread.
Mermaids in melting ſtreins their Voices try'd,
And Sea-Nymphs in ſoft Airs reply'd;
That even rude Rocks & ſurly Seas took in the Muſick pride.

XXIX.

Mountainous *Whales* before the Court were ſent,
That mov'd all Lets out of the way;
And, where the Road thrô Creeks or Inlets lay,
Shuffled up Iſles into a Continent.
The Monſtrous *Norway-Whale* was one
That cover'd many Acres of the Sea;

That

That oft had for an Iſland gone,
Oft did the credulous Mariners betray,
Who moar'd their Ankers on his ſide,
And did beneath his Shelter ride.
Seas they drink down, and vomit up again;
And when they pleaſe do make an Ebb or Tyde;
Now 'tis Dry Land and now the Main.
Th' Aërial Beings (in a Fright)
That never ſince the Inundation
Such Cataracts of Seas had known,
Farther retir'd toward the Orbs of Light;
And fear'd the Loſs of their Dominion.
The troubled Sea around them boyls,
The Continent ſtartles, and the Iſles
For Fear ſhrink in their trembling Head;
And Earthquakes, as they turn their Courſe, are made.

XXX.

Near theſe their Place did take
Sea-Elephants that on the Rocks do ſleep,
That overlook the Deep;
Hang by the Teeth ſecure, nor wake,
Till treacherous Nets are ſet around,
Till they'r with Cords and Fetters bound,
Nor can one Struggle for their Freedom make.
The *Sea-Mors*, that's kill'd for his ſovereign Horn,
And thought by ſome the onely *Unicorn*.
The *Swordfiſh* and the *Thraſher*, that engage
The Monſter of the Sea;
And bloody Battels with the Whale do wage.
The *Tortoyſes*, that Barren Iſlands court,
From far to *Fruitleſs Sands* reſort,
And under them their Eggs do lay:
The *Dolphin*, that in Muſick doth delight,
And all ſurpaſſes in a ſpeedy Flight:

Porpoyſes

Porpoiſes, that make Storms their ſport,
And only before Dangerous Tempeſts play:
The *Crocodile*, for Power and Cunning fam'd,
Nor for his Cruelty leſs Nam'd:
That Eats, and Weeps; that He may Eat again.
The *Shark*, an Enemy to Man,
That craftily about the Ships doth ſtay,
And never Spares his Prey:
Seales, that in hollow Caves delight,
And ſhun Man's Dangerous Sight,
On Barren Rocks and Iſles are bred,
Where foot of Man did never tread.
The *Remora*, the Wonder of the Sea,
That Ships even under ſail can ſtay:
Small in his Bulk, but hoiſting round their Keels,
No Waves or Tydes the Captive force away:
Whom *Neptune* did forbid to touch his Chariot-wheels.

XXXI.

Nor leſs thoſe Swimmers added to the State,
That Earthly Creatures perſonate:
The *Lion*, *Bear*, and *Bull* o'th' Sea;
The *Horſe* and *Hog*, that do i'th' Ocean play:
The long-bill'd Fiſh, to Birds of kin,
And that, which flyes with Moiſtned Fin.
The *Meremaid*, that doth Virgin Looks acquire,
The *Vayled Nunn* and *Cowled Fryer*;
Beſides a Thouſand Kinds, that have no Name,
That never to our Sight, or Knowledge came:
All, that their Caſtles on their Backs do bear,
All, that Offenſive Weapons wear;
And all the Innocent Fry, that ſtill to Death are near:
All, that Luxurious Palates pleaſe,
The Luſtfull Dainties of the Seas;
All, that *Apicius* Table fit,
Or *Heliogabalus* with Joy would meet;

In

In Decent Order and with Comely State
Did on the Ceremony wait,
Nor did the Uſefull *Herring* fail,
Whoſe Numerous Shoals ('tis ſaid) can choke the *Whale*.

XXXII.

Thrice *Neptune* and his Court
With Myſtick Rites and Songs of Joy
(While Milk-white Omens all around did fly)
Encompaſſed the *Britiſh* Iſle,
And every River bleſs'd and every Port:
The *Britiſh* Iſle! the beſt Beloved Seat
Of all the Off-ſpring of the Seas;
Whom He with Circling Arms doth ever greet.
And bad bleſs'd *Plenty*, *Victory*, and *Eaſe*
Upon her Charming Boſom ſmile:
Bad every Stream and every Rill
Plenty and Fruitfulneſs inſtill;
From *Thames*, that waſhes Stately Palaces,
Medway that Proud Victorious Navies ſees,
To thoſe that viſit Humble Cottages.
Till all the whole Worlds Scatter'd good,
All, that's Eſteem'd by th' Generous and Great,
Do in Her Lovely Boſom make aboad,
And there fix down their Glorious Shining Seat.
Till *England* be the Worlds Epitome:
And envy'd *Britannie*
The *Leſſer World*, but yet the *Happier*, be.

A PINDARIQUE Ode.

PART. II.

STANZA. I.

THERE was an Isle, Fame sings,
To' Antiquity well known,
Whose Powerfull Kings
O'r *Africk* did extend their wide Dominion:
Th' *Atlantick* Island nam'd. ---- ----
West o'th' *Herculean* Straits the Happy Soil was spread,
With Arts and Arms Embellished,
With Peace and Justice Crown'd:
Till (many Ages long-since past)
Either that undermining Waves had tore
The unsecure Foundation;
Or Strugling Nature with the Burthen groan'd,
And Sunk beneath the Weight She bore;
Or Nature's God, for Crimes to Us unknown,
A Dreadfull Vengeance took,
And by an Earthquake's Power,
I'th' starting and affrighted Sea did sink Her down;
Earthquakes, that have the World's Foundation shook:
Have lowly Valleys into Mountains rais'd;
The Proudest Cities have debas'd,
And Towring Hills to Vales depress'd;
Old Isles overwhelm'd, and in their stead,
Made new Ones show their unk'nown head:

Heaven's unrelenting, all-devouring, Rod
The Dreadfull Meſſenger of Angry God.

II.

The Earth's Third Part ſunk in one Moment down.----
The Guardian Angels were with Wonder ſtrook ;
Th' Infernal Shades th' Alarum took ; (ſhook.
And th' other Parts o'th' World without an Earthquake
Even *Jove* and *Pluto*, Jealous grown,
Envied their Brother's late enlarg'd Dominion.
And all that *Weſtern* Spacious Coaſt,
Which We *America* do ſtile,
Which was for many Ages loſt
In dark Oblivion,
Beyond that Dangerous Ocean ſpread,
E'r Great *Columbus* his Diſcovery made ;
Prov'd but ſome ſmall remains of that moſt Potent *Iſle*.

III.

Hither Great *Neptune's* Courſe did lead
To th' Palace o'th' *Atlantian* Kings :
Which doth the wildeſt thoughts exceed,
Caſtalian Fury e'r did breed,
Which *Bacchanals* or *Dithyrambiques* ſings:
Outdoes thoſe Notions, fill the Poet's head,
When *Pegaſus* expands his Wings :
More Rich, more Stately, and more Bright,
Than all, that heated Rage can write ;
All, that Flattery can indite :
All, that Inventive *Greece* did once beſtow,
On Gods above, or on their Kings below :
The *Fabrick* did more Excellencies ſhew,
Than e'r from Poet's Fancy were inſtill'd ;
" Thô they can Richeſt, Quickeſt, and the Cheapeſt build.

IV.

Here in a Spacious Hall,
A Faithfull Regiſter was kept of all

The

The memorable Conqueſts of the Sea:
E'r ſince the Univerſal Floud, when She
Her Empire over all had hurl'd,
And *Neptune* rul'd the World.
What her old Limits were before;
Where She unchang'd doth keep
The Bounds of Lands and of the Deep.
Where th' *Ocean* doth uſurp upon the ſhore;
And where the Land poſſeſſes, what She had.
Where Hills were by the Deluge made,
Where Continents broke, and Iſles were ſpread,
And where, what once was Sea, now Land appears:
Charts of the Land and Sea, as once it ſtood,
Before the Changes of the Sweeping *Floud*;
And as it now is Seen to later Years.

V.

The Voyage of the Heaven-contrived Ark,
Which Providence did ſafely Steer;
While She, th' whole Species did of Mankind bear:
The firſt frail Bark,
In which Men durſt attempt to truſt the Sea!
The Minutes kept, how every Day
Her Sacred Courſe thrô th' Ocean lay:
When She to *Eaſt* or *Weſt* did Steer,
When She to *North* or *South* did bear:
When She o'r *Europe* ſail'd, or *Aſia*;
And how Mount *Ararat* at laſt Her Courſe did ſtay.

VI.

The certain time, when by Impetuous Rage,
The Great *Atlantian* State ſank down;
And did the Sea-Gods Temples Crown;
Six Centuries before great *Plato's* Age:

When *Sicily* from *Calabria* was rent,
And when beloved *Brittain* from the Continent.
When *Goodwin* Sands
Was once a Powerfull Prince's Lands.
When *Ægypt's* Fruitfull Soil
Was raviſh'd from the Sea by Mud and Filth of *Nile*.
When th' Ocean ſhall new Conqueſts make,
When, what did once belong to Her, retake.
When *Holland* muſt Her Debts repay,
And count for all Her Provinces ſtole from the Sea.
He that would Curious be,
And know of future Times the Deſtiny,
He need but Viſit that Great Court and ſee.

VII.

There in another Column ſtood,
The Great Commanders of the Floud:
Thoſe that have uncontrouled ſwept the Seas,
And Triumph'd o'r the Watry Provinces.
When the Sea Infant-Burthens bore,
And Men ſail'd Safe in ſight of ſhore,
Nor truſted to the Wind but to the Oar.
When Daring Men by Cuſtom Bolder made,
But by Experience more,
With heavy Fleets the Ocean did invade.
When bold *Phœnicia* could not ſtay at home,
But did for Gain to diſtant Regions roam:
Did Rich *Atlantis* rape,
Nor could our *CASSITERIDES* Eſcape.
When Purple *Tyre* ſate Miſtreſs of the Sea:
When *Carthage* rais'd her Emulous Head,
And o'r Imperial *Rome* prevail'd;
When her Bold Fleets the Ocean's Boſom ſpread,
And *Hanno* firſt of all round *Africk* ſail'd:

When

When *Greece* from them the Secret got,
And *Alexander*, that both Empires ſought,
Sail'd by *Nearchus* unto *India*.
When *Rome* to her own Coaſt confin'd
Dar'd not to truſt the faithleſs Wind:
Till from ſome Ships wreck'd on the Shore
She learnt the Dangerous trade;
And grew ſo expert her Neighbours to invade:
And made th' unquiet World the fatal Skill deplore.

VIII.

When with the *Roman* Empire Arts too dy'd;
And Barbarous Rage took in the Downfall pride.
When Fear and dire Neceſſity
Compell'd the frighted Troops, that fled,
Inhoſpitable Cliffs to chooſe,
Secure from Reach of Barbarous Foes:
Whence *Venice* rais'd her glorious Head;
Venice, the Jewel of the Sea;
With ſilver Feet that on the Waves doth tread,
But her high Temples among Stars doth lay.
When the great Secret of the *Loadſtone* found
For bold Diſcoveries gave a ground:
That doth thrô pitchy Night and Darkneſs guide,
Miraculouſly finds the unſeen Way,
When there's no Marks nor Tracts left in the liquid Sea,
Even when the Poleſtar's hid.

IX.

When *Engliſh* Ships with gallant Pride
Did o'r the ſubject Sea in Triumph ride.
And all the Men, that Former times did grace,
The *Heroes* of Immortal Race,
All, whoſe brave Souls with Valour were inflam'd,
All, that for Arts or Arms were nam'd,
For Victories on Land or Sea were fam'd;

Seem'd

Seem'd by a *Metempſychoſis*
In *Engliſhmen* again to riſe.
When all, that Ancient *Greece* dar'd doe,
Or *Tyre* or *Carthage* skill could know,
Or *Rome's* exalted Minds could ſhow;
Or later *Venice*, that Eſpous'd the Sea,
Are all compriz'd in Our one *Brittany*.

X.

Around hung the ſurprizing Sights
Of all the Memorable Fights,
That ever dy'd with Gore the frighted Main:
Where Art with Nature for the Empire ſtrove;
The Ships yet ſeem'd to move,
The Men to live,
Their Former Rage and Vigor to retain:
Their ſwollen Limbs did bold Defiance breathe
And gave a Life to Death:
Their blood ſhot Eyes yet darted Fire,
And their ſtretch'd Veins did ſhow their inward Ire.
The Draughts of Wars in Ages long-ſince gone
Lapp'd up in dark Oblivion;
To which no tracts nor Footſteps lead
But even the very Fame is dead:
In lively Portraytures are ſhown,
In Poſtures and in Garbs are drawn,
To Us and all the World unknown.
There *Maps* of Realms, whereof we ne'er did hear,
That lie Rewards for future Induſtry;
Whoſe very Names yet never reach'd our Ear,
But to ſucceeding Times ſhall be familiar.
That might we thence Great *Neptune's* Records bear,
And all the Secrets of his Court declare,
How welcome to the Inquiſitive World would ſuch an Hiſtory be!

XI. The

XI.

The Memorable Time was ſet
When *Xerxes* did the Ocean beat,
And fetter'd up the *Helleſpont*:
Which unrevenged long bore not th' Affront.
When He, his Numerous Army by an Handfull torn,
His Bridge of Boats by Tempeſts overborn,
In a poor Schiff was forc'd to paſs that Sea,
Which he once bragg'd, He'd taught to' obey
The former Feats of ancient *Greece*,
Ever ſince *Jaſon* won the Golden Fleece.
What they have told in Vanity and Pride,
What they've forgot and what they've magnify'd;
Where they've told Truth, and where they've ly'd.

XII.

The Struggle, *Carthage* made, to try,
When juſt expiring, for her Liberty:
When yielding to inevitable Fate
She ſunk unwillingly beneath the weight:
When all her Beauteous Ladies deign'd to ſpare,
To make new Cordage for her Ships, their Hair.
Nor was forgot
The bloody Battle, that was fought,
When *Carthage* lofty Head was low,
With *Hannibal Rome's* Mortal Foe,
That Barrel'd Vipers into *Roman* Ships did throw.

XIII.

There was deſcrib'd at large
The great Deciding Fight,
That to the Empire of the World did give the Victor Right.
There *Cleopatra's* Gilded Barge
With curious Workmanſhip did ſhine,
And promis'd ſomething Great within.

With

With baſe ignoble Fear ſhe fled ;
The gallant Warriour turn'd his Head,
His Head and Heart with Her was led.
With her looſe Charms betray'd
He could not ſtay behind,
Weak and Effeminate as Woman-kind ;
He could not want her Look,
His mighty Heart in pieces broke :
Honour and Fame forgot,
The Empire of the World eſteem'd at nought,
He turn'd his Sails and ſaid ;
" In Empire I have had my ſhare,
" Gallant my Acts have been in War,
" And I in Love as nobly dare.
" I can't thy Preſence, *Cleopatra*, loſe,
" The World for Thee I'l give :
" And rather now to be thy Captive chooſe
" Than the World's Emperour live.
So He with Love, not Fear o'recome,
" Follow'd his Heart and left to *Cæſar Rome*.

XIV.

There *Pompey's* Gallant Sons were ſhown
Crowned with Honour and Renown.
The Nobleſt Spirits, *Rome* e'r bore,
Who influenc'd with Generous Rage
Both for a violated Country's Good,
And for a Murder'd Father's Blood,
Did againſt *Cæſar* and the World engage ;
And firſt did learn the Ocean to command the Shore.
Nor was thô all the Ages down
A memorable Action paſs'd,
When *Rome* retain'd her old Renown,
Or when with Barbarous Rage her Glory was defac'd ;
Till Fam'd *Lepanto's* happy Fight,
That did the Sea of *Turkiſh* Force acquit.

XV. There

XV.

There was the * Famous Sea-Fight ſhown,
Which unto *Scluce* did give ſo vaſt Renown,
Scluce, in the Books of Fame well-known!
Nor *Greece* from *Salamis* did bear
A Richer Prize, than *Albion* purchas'd there:
When our *Third EDWARD* and his Godlike Son,
The Admir'd *BLACK-PRINCE*, did raiſe the *Engliſh* Name,
And proud *Valois* his Mighty Fleet o'recame,
Aſſerting o're the Seas their high Dominion.
The Feathered Meſſengers of Fate
Flew thick, as ſtorms of Hail, from *Engliſh* Bows:
Nor could the *French* endure their ſtinging Weight,
But rather deſparately Choſe
Their gaping Wounds in the ſalt Floods to cloſe.
Then thrice-ten thouſand *French* their Lives reſign'd,
Staining the *Brittiſh* Seas with hoſtile Gore;
Their fainting *Lillies* now grew ſick and pin'd;
While *Neptune* trembled at our Angry *Lyon's* Roar.

{ *Battle of Scluce near Flanders. A. D.* 1340.

XVI.

But above all with greateſt Care,
(For leſſer Fights are loſt,
As ſmaller Sounds are by the Great ingroſt)
The Wonder and the Scorn o'th' Sea,
That even frighted the ſubmiſſive Eye,
The Great *Armada*, ſwell'd with *Spaniſh* Pride,
That came to take Poſſeſſion, not to War,
Was in moſt coſtly Colours drawn,
Did in Triumphant Manner ride,
Already ſure of Victory;
Had *England* in vain Hopes already ſwallow'd down.
Till *Engliſh* Valour thrô the empty ſhadows broke
The Pompous Fleet in pieces ſhook;
Th' unweildy Carracks got new wings to fly.

The *Burthens* of the Sea
Did *Burthens* now unto themſelves become;
And wiſh'd, they could ſhrink into leſſer Room.
Their Fetters and their Chains were took,
And even their Inſtruments of Cruelty
Did to their Owners dreadfull look;
And told what was their Doom:
Thrô all the *Northern* World they fled;
Each Promontory did their Treaſure ſhare;
Each barren Soil enriched by the War:
Beyond the Fartheſt *Thule* trembling and agaſt,
They by their Valiant Foes were chac't:
And Famine, Cold and Ignominy paſt,
The poor Remains reel'd ſhatter'd and deſpiſed Home at laſt.

XVII.

Nor did the skilfull Art omit
The Acts in various Ages done,
That ev'n did Fame affright;
Which no bold Language could recite,
Nor could by Pencil's skill be drawn.
All Species of Ships were there,
Thoſe, that firſt cut the Waves with Fear;
And near the Shore did creep:
Thoſe, that with Oars did laſh the Deep;
Thoſe, whoſe wide Sails the Waves did ſweep:
From the tall Flagg-ſhip, Pride of all the Main,
To the Canoo o'th' Sun-burnt *Indian*.

XVIII.

And, as a ſign of Confidence, was ſhow'd
The Secret Book,
In which no one but Favourites may look,
Nor even are thoſe allow'd;
Till Sanctions bid them Secrets keep
Nor e'r reveal the Myſteries o'th' Deep.

There

There were large Charts o'th' *Southern* unknown Land,
How the Coaſt trends to *Eaſt* and *Weſt*.
In what Degrees of Longitude 'tis laid,
How far to th' *Southern* Pole 'tis ſpread.
The Capes and Promontories were expreſs'd,
Where a Safe Port, and where a Dangerous Strand;
Where Ships ſecure may ride, and where lies hid a Sand.
The Depth of Rivers and of Shores were took,
Not even a Creek, but was mark'd down:
The Traffick, Strength, and Riches of each Town,
That on the Neighbouring Sea doth look.
Their Cuſtoms both in Peace and War,
What Merchandize the Land doth bear:
What they do want, and what they ſpare.
The Trade-winds, that do thither blow,
The Roads, that thither lead.
And Iſles, that are i'th' Paſſage ſpread:
That He, who the leaſt Skill doth know,
May thither without help o'th' Compaſs go.

XIX.

There, what hath puzled Curious Brains,
But ne'r Rewarded for the Coſt or Pains,
Are Maps, that do diſplay
The *Northern* Paſſage to *Cathay*.
Where the Strait opens, and where ly
The Sea-marks for Diſcovery;
How to 'ſcape broaken Lands, that there ariſe,
And how to' avoid the Shoales of Ice:
VVhere the Coaſt *Southward* bends,
And where the *Scythic* Promontory ends.
Th' extent of *BACON'S Polar* Land,
Charts of the Doleſull Strand;
The Icy Mountains, that affright:
How the Inhabitants the rigid cold do bear,

And misty Damps of the condensed Air,
How they endure an half-year Night.
Besides the Virgin Soils, that never yet
Did Conquest or Discovery admit;
That in his secret Catalogue are writ.

XX.

Nor were the Secrets of his Empire hid,
Where the fam'd Rivers (*Paradice's* Pride)
Whose Names and Scituation
With endless Contests have Mens Brains employ'd,
Yet in their wanted Channels run;
And like *Seth's* Pillars have surviv'd the Flood.
Where Isles, that have from the Creation stood,
By restless Waves are undermin'd,
And with next Earthquake will a Ruine find.
Where Infant growing Isles do swell,
And will in future Times their Heads reveal.
Where old *Phœnician* Wracks have slept,
Treasures from former Ages kept:
Stores, that would be
Priz'd for their Worth and more for their Antiquity.
Who shall in future Ages rule the Sea,
And Acts of Ancient Times outdoe.
The Fortune and the Fate of *Brittanie*,
When the Espoused Sea shall *Venice* leave,
And Her of all Her pristin Fame bereave;
A certain Symptom of approaching Woe.
And what hath unto Ages lain unknown,
There is an Art the Longitude to find:
And, what don't less Distract the Curious Mind,
The Reason of the Needle's *Variation*.

XXI.

There one might know
The Fate of every One, that unto Sea doth go:

What-

What Proſperous Winds ſhall Him attend,
What Lucky Adventures Him befriend,
Or if unruly Storms his Shatter'd Bark ſhall rend.
Where controverted *Ophir* lyes,
Whence *Solomon* had his Rich Supplies.
Where th' floating Iſle, the *Proteus* of the Sea,
Obeys Great *Neptune's* Law,
And doth a fixed Manſion get.
Where Polar Loadſtone Iſles are ſet,
(If any ſuch there be)
That the touch'd Needle draw.
Where working Seas ſhall Harbors fill,
And Towns of Trade
Shall ſhrink to Villages from their Exalted State;
And in their ſtead
Some Deſpicable Place grow Great.

XXII.

This Palace once th' *Atlantian* Kings did own,
In its own Structure Beauteous 'twas and Great:
But all its former Glories are outdone,
By Juices which do ly to us unknown,
Such as do Gems and Precious Stones beget:
And by the Plaſtick Power which Nature ſecret keeps,
But in dark Mines reveals, and i'th' unfathom'd Deeps;
By theſe her Structures all are turn'd to *Adamant*,
And neither Darling Beauty nor unyielding Hardneſs want.
Unviolated Temples ſtand,
That don't beneath Time's burthen groan:
Neither by Tydes nor Storms bore down,
Nor Injured by rowling Sand.
Branches of winding *Corall* crawl
Upon the Sacred Wall,
Like claſping Ivy round embrac't:
Which never Sacrilegious Hand
Or Savage Force defac'd.

Th' Al-

Th' Altars within their Privileges retain,
Do Sanctuaries yet remain:
Thither the helpleſs Fry
Purſu'd by Violence do fly,
And from th' *Aſylum* all their Foes defy.
They to the Helpleſs yet do lend their Aid,
Nor may Arm'd Force the Sacred Seats invade.

XXIII.

Within and round are ſhown
The Tombs of the *Atlantian* Kings;
Which of themſelves are Stately things,
But by acceſſion of Sea-Treaſure Nobler grown.
Each common Stone
A *Jaſpis* or an *Hyacinth* doth grow:
Mother of *Pearl* the common roads doth ſtrow,
And ev'n *Plebean* Tombs do *Sapphires* ſhow.
And He, who laſt did in *Atlantis* Reign,
That to futurity he might remain,
Beyond the common doom,
Which ſwallows up the Worthleſs Crowd,
Neptune on Him his Greateſt Gem beſtow'd,
A Gem ſo Great, it ſerv'd Him for a Tomb.
There Queens in *Chryſtall* Monuments were ſet,
That ſhow'd the Beauty lay within:
Who from themſelves much Fame did get;
But from what th' Ocean lent did ſeem Divine.
Some did in Tombs of *Amber* live,
And nothing to a Life did want, but Breath:
A Grave more Precious and more Fair,
Than all *Arabia's* Gums could give:
Than *Ægypt* for Her Monarchs did prepare,
Or *Artemiſia* did to Her Dear Lord bequeath.

XXIV.

The Princely Gardens kept their Beauteous Store;
With Powdred *Pearls* the Walks were ſpread,
Nor is upon Earth's Boſom bred
A Beauteous Flower,
But by kind Nature's Artfull power
The ſame of Precious Jewels there was made,
Which no Time ever can devour.
Cloſe Arbors and aſpiring Groves,
That were intruſted oft with ſecret Loves,
By Petrifying Juice are turn'd to Stone:
And the ſame Order and Proportion
They yet unchanged own.
Deſigned Wracks the Treaſuries do ſtore
With rarities of every diſtant ſhore:
The Noted Ports yet Ships do ſhow,
Whom Tempeſts overbore;
And order'd ſo
That they into the very Harbors fell:
And Bloody Sea-fights do the uſeleſs Armories ſwell.

XXV.

A Band of *Triton's* upon *Neptune* wait,
And Guard his Palace Gate,
And yet keep up the old *Atlantian* State.
The Caſtles and the Towns remain,
The Cities yet their Privileges retain:
Tritons do in the Nobles Houſes ſtay,
And Sea-Nymphs in the Groves and Meadows play.
On Earth Viciſſitude of Things
Rules o'r the Peaſants Spade and Crowns of Kings.
Cities are not exempt from Fate,
But, as they had their Birth, ſhall have their Date.
Their Names and Scituation ſoon are loſt;

And

And She, whoſe lofty Head ſtood high,
In the next Age in lowly Duſt ſhall lie,
And even her very Ruines be forgot.
But here *Atlantis* doth a Conqueſt boaſt,
Which i'th' uncertain Sea
Hath from all Change Exemption got,
And's plac'd beyond the Reach of Deſtiny.

A *PINDARIQUE* Ode.

PART III.

STANZA I.

HEnce Curioſity me led
To view the Neighbouring Sea:
Where 'tis with Green *Sargoſſa* ſpread,
And imitates a Flowry Mead;
Doth the unwearied Eye to rove invite,
And every where gives Proſpects of Delight:
Under whoſe Shade the harmleſs Fry,
No Fear nor Danger nigh,
Their Innocent Revels keep,
And deck with ſparkling Pearly ſcales the Deep.
Where *Tortoyſes* from far reſort,
Journy again unto their well-known Port;
Do with unwearied Feet repair
Unto the Place, where they were bred,
Or where before their Eggs they laid;
And without Guide, but Nature being their Friend,
Thrô devious ways are without Pole-ſtar led:
And upon barren Deſolate Iſles,
They ſtupidly unto the Care
Of Hatching Sands their ſhelly Brood commend,
Or to the Sun's auſpicious Smiles.

II.

Where Artfull *Crabs*, by Nature taught,
Their Food of *Oyſters* and of *Muſcles* make:

Whoſe Armory of Shells ſo well is wrought,
Their furious Gripes can't the Contexture break.
But when to take in pearly Dew they o'pe,
The watchfull *Crabb* doth the Occaſion ſteal,
With little Stones the gaping Shells doth fill;
That thoſe on whom rude Force could nought avail,
By Policy are caught.
Where the poor Fiſh, to all a Prey,
On whom kind Nature hath beſtow'd
An Art to raiſe himſelf above the Flood,
Doth his uſeleſs Skill eſſay.
By *Albicores* and *Dolphins* he purſued
With moiſtned Fin knows how to fly,
But can't avoid his ſteady Deſtiny.
Sea-Fowl his Courſe prevent,
Seize on the helpleſs Prey:
And he, that durſt not truſt the Sea,
Dies in a Foreign Element.
A ſad *Dilemma*, when to ſtay or fly,
Death equally is nigh:
Death that doth to all Seats repair,
That neither Land nor Sea doth ſpare,
Nor the ſwift Flights of thoſe, that cut the Air.

III.

Nor did I miſs the Plain,
Where the Seas Terrour, the *Leviathan*,
In his extended Pride doth reign.
Whoſe Subjects do at awfull Diſtance wait,
And dread him as their Fate.
But not his Monſtrous Bulk and Mighty State,
Not his devouring Jaws
Can ſtop his Deſtiny;
Such often is the Doom of High and Great,
Such are Fate's rigid Laws,

By

By deſpicable Foes to die.
So ſcorned Vapours oft the Earth have ſhook:
So Worms deſtroy the aged Oak,
Neither by Tempeſt nor by Thunder ſtrook:
So *Elephants* deſpiſed *Mice* do kill,
So the *Ægyptian Rat* the ſleeping *Crocodile*.

IV.

Two Fiſh, but ſmall in Bulk, yet great in Mind,
When none the mighty Monſter dare aſſail,
With Skill and Force combin'd
Revenge their murder'd Kind;
One arm'd with Sword, the other with a Flail.
This from below th' unweildy Monſter gores,
Nor can he to his Deeps deſcend:
The other furious Blows upon him ſhowers,
From which no Armour can defend.
Which way ſoe'r he moves he finds his Doom;
The goring Sword, if he deſcends, he meets,
And furious Batteries; if he up doth come:
Death on each Weapon waits;
No way is left to fly,
But, while his trembling Subjects wait th' Event,
He meets his uncontrouled Deſtiny.
And what doth aggravate his Fall, he dies
Not by an Equal Combatant,
But thoſe he did deſpiſe!

V.

Nor did I miſs to' enquire
What ſymptoms in the Sea were ſeen,
Before a Storm doth riſe,
While all is yet ſerene;
What Ebullitions are i'th' Ocean made,
While nothing doth our Eyes or Ears ſurprize.
What ſecret skill by Nature is convey'd

To *Sea-fowls*, that to Iſles retire;
And *Porpoyſes*, that they
Only before the Tempeſts play:
How they thoſe Secrets know,
Which ſtrange to Men do ſhow.
When Storms the troubled Waters ſhall moleſt,
When Calms ſhall Lap the Sea in reſt;
And how the *Halcyon* knows when to prepare her Neſt.

VI.

Where in dark Caves
That do no Rays admit,
Beneath the Force of foaming Waves,
And Influence of Cheerfull Light,
The ragged *Sea-Calves* make a Safe Retreat.
Where they in ſolitary Holds do breed,
And gloomy Seats and Safety do prefer,
To all the Pompous Shows that Danger bear:
And where with Milky Breaſts the *Seales* their Young Ones (feed.

VII.

How riſing *Spouts*, the Wonders of the Sea,
Or drawn by th'Sun's attractive heat,
Or rarified by Subterranean fire,
Do in Ætherial Regions play;
And mix with Seas above the Firmament.
How they new Qualities do get,
And againſt Nature's Laws aſpire:
And from their Kindred Waters rent
Do revel in the Air;
That's now become a Watry Plain.
How the Vaſt Pillar doth the Burthen bear,
And gives new Nouriſhment for Clouds and Rain.
How frighted Mariners, when nigh,
VVith ſpread-out Sails the Danger ſhun;

The

The Dreadfull Neighbourhood do fly,
Which on what e'r it falls doth drown.

VIII.

Nor did the Dreadfull Gulph my Voyage ſtay,
That ope's a Paſſage to th' *Pacifick* Sea:
Whether by the Great *Workman's* hand 'twas made
For Commerce and Enriching Trade:
Or whether reſtleſs Waves the way had tore
On the Vaſt Chaſm, was rent with Earthquake's power;
It lyes th' amazing way into another World.
Th' unfathomable *Depths* appall:
The Waves in Dreadfull *Storms* are ever curl'd,
In *Hurricanes* and *Whirlwinds* furl'd.
The unrelenting *Cliffs* do never ſave,
And the Vaſt *Chaſm* doth repreſent a Grave.
The hanging *Rocks*, that threat a fall,
The foaming *Waves*, that rage below,
And *Hills* above all cloath'd with Snow,
That rob the Gulph of half the Day,
And hide the Sun's Auſpicious Ray;
The furious *Winds* that from the Mountains break,
And headlong *Guſts*, that Ships in pieces ſhake;
Th' *Abyſs*, that doth no Light admit,
But ſeems for Fiends a dark Retreat;
The *Rocks*, on which no Peace doth ſit;
The *Shores*, that do no food or ſhelter ſhow,
And *Savages*, that do no Pitty know:
Fiercer than Rocks, and Ruder than the Wind,
A Dreadfull Scene preſent unto the Trembling Mind.

IX.

Nor leſs the *Northern* Seas my Courſe invite,
Doubly fenc'd by Ice and Night.
Where Nature's fixed Bars are laid,
The Fetters nothing can invade,

But

But Heavenly heat from the Sun's preſence ſhed,
Where the unfathomable Depths are ſpread:
Where Ghaſtly Horrour and Confuſion dwell,
Gloomy, Dark, and Deep, as Hell:
Whoſe Stranger Waves ne'r bore the Plowing Keel,
Nor e'r the Laſhes of the Oar did Feel;
Nor were Diſcover'd, but by Thee,
Generous and much-Lamented *Willoughby*!

X.

Where Barren Iſles exalt their Head,
Uncomfortable, as the Seas; in which they'r ſpread:
Whoſe Hoary Heads, cloath'd with Eternal Snow,
No Friendſhip with the Sun do know;
But all in Icy Fetters bound remain:
Congeal'd in Numerous Centuries ſlid by,
The Streams a Chryſtal hardneſs gain,
So Hard, they never will relent:
But when the World a Sacrifice ſhall dy,
And in her Funeral Flames expire,
They ſhall outbrave the Raving Element;
Nor yield to that, which Conquers all things, Fire.

XI.

Where the Bold Savage doth ill Fate defie;
The force of Storms and Mounting Seas outbraves,
And ſafely Dances on the Threatning Waves,
And truly may be ſaid to rule the Sea.
Clos'd in his Boat ſecure He rows,
Made of the Skins of Fiſh, He took his Prey;
Which, by a ſecret Sympathy,
Do with the well-acquainted Waves agree,
And in a laſting Friendſhip cloſe.
Lock'd in his Schiff they can't a Paſſage find,
Nor one Inquiſitive Drop can ſearch a way:
Thô Water doth thrô Rocks and Mountains wind,

And

And in each Particle of Matter ly.
Antiquity of *Centaurs* told,
That did half-Men, half-Horſes grow;
The Fumes of wild Poetick Heads of Old.
A ſtranger Wonder He doth ſhow
A Man (if yet a *Man*) above, a Monſter all below.
In *Seales*-skins cloath'd He doth the Fiſh deceive,
Who Him one of their Shoal believe,
Untill his Fatal Dart
Credulity's Reward to them doth give:
He Perſonates a Fiſh with ſo much Art,
That not their piercing Eye,
Thô ſight in them in its Perfection be,
And doth, what they in other Senſes want, ſupply,
Can any difference ſpy.
He lives, He eats, He ſleeps i'th' Sea,
Which ſeems to be his Element,
And gives that Food, the Barren Shores deny;
And doth his Bed, his Drink, his Sport preſent:
And it a Queſtion yet remains,
What Claſſis of the Creatures He is in,
Whether He is to Men or Fiſh of Kin:
Whether He more to Earth or Sea doth owe,
To th' Solid or the Liquid Plaines,
And if what doth his Food beſtow,
May not be thought his Mother too:
If that, which doth his Wants relieve,
Mayn't be ſuppos'd his *Being* firſt to give.

XII.

Neceſſity doth teach Him Art;
And thô the Soil's to Him unkind,
And doth all Needfull Inſtruments deny,
His Sport, what e'r He needeth, doth impart:
For by kind Nature's Aid He all in's Prey doth find.

Of

Of Fiſhes Fins his Boat is made,
And with their Skins 'tis overſpread,
Their Bones the room of Hooks ſupply,
And from their Teeth He forms his deadly Dart.
A Circling Pleaſure that hath never End,
Doth on his Quiet Life attend.
Full Shoals of Fiſh to Him reſort,
Who by their Death to others Death bequeath.
They with them bring the Inſtruments of Death,
And by their Own do Ruine unto Others give;
And He can ne'r want Tackle, if He hath but Sport.
Alive Great Fiſh do on the Leſſer feed,
Do Ravin even on thoſe they breed:
Here, when they'r dead, the Enmity doth live;
They ſenſeleſs do become their Enemies Bane,
And after Death a Conqueſt over others gain.

XIII.

Nor did I miſs, by Inclination led,
(For 'tis an Art my Soul doth pleaſe)
To viſit all the Spacious Fruitfull Seas,
That are with Numerous Shoals of Fiſhes ſpread.
Where they upon the Artiſt wait,
With Greedy Haſt ſwallow the Deadly Bait,
And Quarrel, who the firſt ſhall meet their Fate.
By Ill Example led they ſtill ruſh on,
Regardleſs of their Friend's Deſtruction:
Whoſe Mangled Parts their Hungry Jaws do eat,
That now are dreſs'd up for their meat,
And made the Engines of Deceit.
Unhappy Caſe! where Fellows Traytors are,
And where Society becomes a Snare!
Where Death to th' Living no Advice doth give,
And where Dead Friends the Living do decieve!

From

From hence with winged ſpeed I fled,
Did all around as Enemies dread:
And where no warning was from Ruine took,
Did on my ſelf as on a Traytor look.

XIV.

I ſaw, where floating Woods of Timber, rent
From th' undermined Continent,
By *Northern* Tempeſts furious blow;
Or elſe o'recharg'd by weight of Ice and Snow,
As hanging on the Cliffs they grow,
They break, and into th' ſubject Sea do glide:
How they in unknown Paths their Journeys ſteer,
Till wakefull Providence's Care,
That Neceſſaries doth for all provide,
Their Courſe to barren Iſles doth guide,
Which, by th' Inclemency of their raw Air,
Never a Tree or Shrub did bear,
But the Inhabitants in want do to the' Sea repair.
Their Darts and Bows to Waves they owe,
Their Houſes do from Tempeſts grow:
Their Food they draw from Tydes;
And their cold frozen Sea their uſefull Fire provides.

XV.

I ſaw the *Sea-Mors* chac'd, whoſe prized Horn
That doth his fatal Head adorn
His Deſtiny doth bequeath,
And what's deſign'd his Safety, proves his Death:
Where Iſles of Ice, remote from any Shore,
Themſelves at eighty Fathom moar:
Look like a Continent,
And Capes and Cliffs, and Promontories repreſent.
Upon whoſe Tops wild Beaſts do fight,
And Sea-fowls make the Cliffs look doubly white.

XVI.

Nor here my Curioſity was ſtaid,
But with bold Courſe my daring Eyes ſurvey'd
Where ſecret Paſſages o'th' Deep were laid.
Where by the working of the Sea,
Or by ſome ſecret Cauſe to us unknown;
The winding waters find their hidden way:
And ſtraining thrô the Earth do leave behind
The Saltneſs, they did from their Mother own,
Till fit for Uſe, Delight, and Nouriſhment, they'r grown.
And on ſome Mountain's ſide
They do a Paſſage find:
Thrô flowry Meadows wind,
Thrô fruitfull Valleys glide
Till they i'th' Sea again do their Ennobled Waters hide.

XVII.

Nor did I fear
Beneath ſtupendious Rocks my Courſe to ſteer;
The hidden Tracts and lonely Vaults to' explore,
That under Mighty Realms do ſink,
Thrô which the thirſty *Caſpian*,
The *CASPIAN*, that doth numerous Rivers drink,
Yet ſtill unſatisfi'd doth gape for more,
Nor ever ſwells with all the Store,
Empties it ſelf into th' *Mediterranean*.
I did not fear the headlong Gulf, which all
The Mariners its *Navel* call:
The *Vortex*, which the Sea drinks down,
And all, that comes within its Verge, doth drown.

XVIII.

Nor to my Curious Search did ſecret lie
The devious Ways in Regions deep below,
That do 'twixt diſtant *Lakes* and *Oceans* go.

How

How the Friendly Waters meet,
How the Shoals of Fiſhes greet
In Realms yet undiſcover'd to the Eye.
How *Meers*, whoſe Heads and Springs we cannot ſee,
Nor what their Sourſe doth breed,
An Entercourſe do keep
With Caverns under Mountains laid,
Or with the Treaſures of the Deep:
How what the Sea doth from the Land receive,
When ſwelling Rivers to her Boſom come,
She back again in Springs and Showers doth give,
And keeps an *Æquilibrium*.

XIX.

There lies a Deep, if we may Truth receive
From thoſe, that on the Seas do live,
Not far from th' *CAPE*, that hath a Name from *Hope*,
Where no Art can a Bottom gain;
Thô they a thouſand Fathom ſound with Rope,
But all their Labour and their Charge is vain.
Here I ſunk down into the deep Abyſs,
Where no created Being e're before
The Secrets went to' explore,
Or Nature's Work, that near the Center lies.
Below vaſt Rocks and maſſy Mounts I paſt,
Such as the Upper World don't know;
The Strength and Fortreſſes below,
On which the World is plac'd:
Till thrô dark Paths and uncut Ways,
Being arriv'd at th' utmoſt Place, (trace;
Where ev'en ſharp Thoughts could not a farther paſſage
I my wearied Journey ſtaid
At *Natures* Bars, by the Almighty made.

XX.

The Bars, that fence the Windows of the Deep,
The raging Waves ſecure;
Leſt they again the Earth ſhould ſweep,
And all Mankind devour.
But who the wondrous Locks can tell
VVho can the *Adamantine* Gates reveal?
That fortifie the firm Decree,
Which hath forbid the Ocean to rebell,
Set Limits to the Imperious Sea,
And made her in her Confines dwell.
Here I in vain for *Dæmogorgon* ſought,
The Monſter, ancient Ages thought,
Did at the *Center* lie;
The VVorld did actuate;
Whoſe Breath did make the Seas with Tydes to ſwell,
And whoſe unruly Motion Earthquakes did create.

XXI.

Now thrô dark ſubterranean Caverns led
And ſolitary Roads below;
Upon whoſe Brow ſits diſmal Night,
VVhere maſſy Rocks exclude the Light;
VVhere ghaſtly Horrour and Diſtraction's laid.
Led by Inſtinct, not by Sight,
VVhere *Zembre's* Lake doth fruitfull Waters ſhow,
The wiſh'd-for Light I do regain,
And what Antiquity did never know
Find *Nile's* Illuſtrious Head.
Down all his glorious Courſe I cut my Way,
Thrô all the Realms that do his Waves adore;
The thirſty Nations that his Help implore:
Not the ſteep *Cataracts* could force my ſtay,
VVhoſe dreadfull Downfall doth the Sight ſurprize,
And dulls the *Eye*, as th' *Ear* is deafned with the Noiſe:

My

My daring Courſe with them I downward led,
Nor fear'd the Treacherous *Crocodile*,
Nor *Hippopotamus* of *Nile*:
View'd the remains of Dark Antiquity,
Wept o'r its Priſtin Glory fled,
And griev'd to ſee the Marks of preſent Slavery.

XXII.

Nor did the *Jewiſh* Sea,
Fill'd with *Bitumen* 'ſcape Diſcoverie:
Trembling I at its Borders ſtood,
But durſt not truſt the Poys'nous Flood.
No Creature can the Noxious Waves abide,
Nothing can thrô the Waters ſafely glide,
Not Birds unhurt are to fly o'r't allow'd.
The Towns beneath do yet their Beauty bear,
For they alas not Guilty were,
The Men did all the Sin and all the Judgment ſhare.
Around th' Infectious Shore
Fair-Trees deceitfull Apples bore,
To th' Eye they did with raviſhing Beauty ſhine;
(Such are the looks of Sin)
But Loathſom Duſt and Aſhes held within.

XXIII.

Sometimes in diſtant Realms I rove,
For Curioſity is unconfin'd;
Where Springs their Vigorous Source ſend out *above*,
Or where vaſt Rocks *below* their Streams do bind.
Where they, unſeen by Mortal Eye,
The *Subterranean* Progeny do feed;
Or *Dæmons* of the Mines (if any ſuch there be)
Or beneath Rocks Metallick Compounds breed.
Below the *Alps* now my Dark Courſe is led,
Where *PELION* upon *OSSA'S* thrown,

Where

Where Hills on Hills, Mountains on Mountains ſtand,
Till they to Heaven lift their Aſpiring Head;
And do not ſeem the Work of Nature's hand,
But broken Ruines of the former World. ——
The *Monſtrous Caverns*, that Vaſt Depths do hold,
In their wide Arms do Seas enfold.
Who can their ſecret Sources ſhow?
Whether they ſwell from melted Snow,
Which ever Crowns their Hoary Head:
Or whether from condenſed Air they'r bred,
In Great Vacuities below:
Or whether from the Sea their ſecret Courſe doth flow:
The boundleſs Treaſure's in their Bowels laid,
The Minerals, that there abound,
And Richly pay for all the Barren Ground.

XXIV.

To all the Lakes from theſe Abyſſes bred,
By hidden winding ways I paſs'd:
Now I in *Switzerland* lift up my Head,
And trembling and agaſt
The barren Rocks and threatning Mountains dread:
Where Nature ſhows but a Step-Mother's Love;
Where the harſh Soil unkind doth prove;
Yet all is ſweetned by Bleſs'd *Liberty*.
Their rugged Rocks, that ſcarce their Toil repay,
Their Vales with headlong Torrents waſh't away,
They more do Prize than Dangerous State,
Than Smiling Treacherous Pageantry,
While Peace and Safety do upon them wait.

XXV.

Now I i'th *Garden* of the World do riſe,
The *Queen* of Nations *ITALY*,
And from a Lake behold the Country round,
Which doth with Nature's Gifts abound,

And

And only *Freedom* wants to mak't a *Paradiſe*.
But ſee the Dreadfull Curſe of Tyranny!
The untill'd Soil doth Mourn its State,
Th' unpeopled Land a VVilderneſs doth ly,
The wearied Peaſant doth lament his Fate,
VVorks for what He ne'r enjoys;
But Groans, Sinks, and Expires beneath his Miſeries.
Rapine and dire Oppreſſion all doth ſeize,
And Curſes, what God Bleſs'd before.
In vain God Plenty ſends, and Store,
If dire Exactions keeps the Subjects poor.
Adam from Paradiſe was driven; ——
And here Men fly the next Bleſs'd Place to Heaven.

A PINDARIQUE Ode.

PART IV.

STANZA I.

NO Corner of the World my Courſe did miſs:
Not the unconſtant ſtormy *Iriſh* Seas,
Which even the *Adrian* Friths ſurpaſs:
Not Naked ſavage *Orcades*,
Nor *Thule*, which from *Rome* the Fartheſt lay
Of all the Iſlands, She found out i'th' Sea.
Not *Norway* Deeps, where the Prophetick Whale doth lie;
Till the approaching Deſtiny
Of Him, whom all the Nation doth obey,
Doth call him up from's ſolitary Room,
In Regions deep below, to tell the World the Doom.
Not the tempeſtuous Seas, where *Dæmons* dwell,
Where Spirits rule the Winds, and move the Sea
The Air and Ocean ſway,
And *Lapland* Witches Winds do ſell.

II.

Not Seas and Lands by Icy Mountains barr'd,
The Curſe of Nature made in ſpight,
Where fearleſs Bears the Shoars do guard,
And like their Land are cloath'd in white.
Yet (ſo each One is to his Native Country kind)
Spight of th' Inclemencies of Soil and Wind,

The

The Region doth within poſſeſs
(Whom their own Land the beſt doth pleaſe)
An Olive-colour'd Race of Savages.
Nor could I without Pirty ſee
The poor Remains of Thee, Great *Willoughby!*
Whoſe Breaſt retain'd a Generous Fire,
Enough to' have thaw'd the Polar Ice:
But doom'd by the more rigid Deſtinies,
Diſdaining thou by Night and Froſt wer't forced to expire.
Thy ſhatter'd Hulk a Seamark lies,
And doth forbid farther Diſcoveries:
Nor th' unrelenting Element to dare,
That would not ſo much Vertue ſpare.

III.

Nor did I loſe
The moving Sight of thoſe,
That while they ſought the happy Coaſt,
Where the Seas Boſom opens to *Cathay*;
I'th' unknown untrac'd way,
In ſpight o'th' *Zenith* Cynoſure were loſt.
Where broken Iſles is all the Land,
Rough Icy Mountains all the Strand;
That ſcarce a Living Creature doth contain,
And (if ought be) doth ſeem by Nature made in vain.
Whoſe Seas do with the Land Reſemblance hold,
Now an unfathomable Deep
And now a Shoaly Sea:
Now Rocks, that do forbid a VVay,
Now an Abyſs Precipitous and ſteep:
Beſides the laſting Curſe of Night and Cold.
Nor, Daring *Gilbert*, was thy Tract yet loſt;
When thou at *Newfound-land* took'ſt Seiſure of the Coaſt.
Great the Deſigns, which did out-brave thy Fate,
Thou liv'ſt in Fame, and art than Deſtiny more Great.

IV.

By all the Coasts, that *English* Ships do plow,
VVhen they to fruitfull Colonies do go:
VVhere they the Skins of Beasts and Birds do wear,
VVhere they adorn'd with Feathers do appear,
And whe e in Cloaths of downy Mos they pride.
From hence my speedy Course did glide
To *Florida*, that ope's her beauteous Bosom wide.
Florida, the Scene of Blood,
That hath unconquer'd stood
By *Spanish* Rage, or *English* Courtesie.
By all the Coasts, that Gold so oft devours,
The gilded *Spanish* Shoars:
All the Rich Wrecks, that overspread the Sea,
All those in the *Campeche* Bay,
So oft inur'd to Pyracy;
VVhen *Boucaniers* their Pranks do play:
And what all Ills hath suffer'd, *PANAMA*;
The Glorious Island, once the Ocean's Pride,
That now a Wilderness doth lie:
Hispaniola, that did Empress ride;
The fatal Inlet into Slavery.
That first by ventrous Mariner was spy'd;
VVhen the despairing Fleet had else return'd,
VVhose Height so oft enslaved *India* mourn'd.

V.

By all the scatter'd Isles, that guard the *Western* Shoar;
VVhere barbarous *Cannibals* do on their Neighbours prey:
Who *Neptune's* bosom in their *Canoos* scour,
And bloody Teeth do on Men's Entrails lay;
Carouse in Enemies Blood,
And the yet-quaking Members make their Food.
All, where the *Amazonian* River flows,
That from a thousand Streams renowned grows.

All

All, that the fair *Guiana* ſhows,
Immortaliz'd by *Raleigh's* Pen.
Or that, which hath its Name from *Plate*,
And groans ſo oft beneath the Precious weight:
All the Inhoſpitable Shores for Men,
Down to the diſmall Straits of *Megallan*.

VI.

I found out all the Solitary Iſles,
VVhere Uncorrupted Nature ſmiles,
Spread out in ſpacious Deeps alone:
That ne're to Knowledge were betray'd,
And happy, if they never be;
So bleſſed 'tis to be Unknown,
And ly from Danger, as Diſcovery, free!
Riches, when known, expoſe to Prey,
And Happineſs, when envy'd, doth betray,
And to Invaſion ope's a way.
Cut from the VVorld theſe nothing Dread,
But, thankfull, on what Nature gives, do feed.
Know but their own, and have no wild Deſires,
Nor nouriſh in their Breaſt Tyrannick Fires.
Think, there's no VVorld but what they do enjoy,
Nor yet beyond their Coaſt their VViſhes fly.
Bleſſed in *Peace*, and in unſullied *Joy*,
Bleſs'd in, the Crown of Bleſſings, *Liberty*:
Bleſs'd, that ne're long for Foreign Stores,
Nor foreign Vices nouriſh on their Shores!
Here fixt *Content* doth place her Seat,
Beyond ev'n Philoſophick Notions Great.
Happy in Ignorance, they know no more,
Than Nature's humble Store;
Pleas'd with their ſtate, they Strangers are to Care,
They nothing hope for, and they nothing fear.

VII.

All thoſe, that far from Entercourſe are laid,
And do juſt Admiration gain,
(Since they know none, and are to all unknown)
How Men and Beaſts were into them convey'd.
Except they did remain,
When ſwallow'd Continents ſunk down:
Or by *Angelick* Miniſtry the work was done.
Thoſe, whom kind Nature doth beſtow
To be the *Seaman's Guide*;
And kind Refreſhment to provide:
Where *Tortoyſes* ſweet Food to them allow,
Whom the ſalt Waves and ſalter Food had dri'ed:
Where the ſalubrious Air
And limpid Water doth their broken Spirits cheer.

VIII.

Nor did I miſs the *Southern* unknown Coaſt,
That doth of boundleſs Riches boaſt;
And dares the bold Diſcoverer:
Whoſe Virgin Soil ne're yet did Stranger bear,
Nor *European* Keel her Seas did ever tear.
Vaſt ſpacious Tracts that Coaſt ſhall once unfold,
Even to the *Southern* frozen Zone:
Which vainly now are judged Sea;
(And ſo was once *America*)
As great, as are the Worlds already known;
That yet in Darkneſs and Obſcurity lie down.
That do invaluable Treaſures hold
Of what, all Men adore, Eye-dazling *Gold*.

IX.

The quiet Waves of the *Pacifick* Sea,
Where ſeldom Tempeſts rage,
Or Storms with ſhatter'd Ships engage;
But Nature there in her Repoſe doth lie.

Where

Where the Inhabitants of *America*,
That the *South* Sea enjoy:
Free from fear and from annoy,
Sleep on the Shore in ſoft ſecurity
With Bars of maſſy Silver by.
They leave their Ships at Ancker on the Shore,
Thô fraighted with ineſtimable Store,
And far within the Land themſelves employ:
And neither Tempeſts fear nor Pyracy.
By all the Happy Coaſt I paſs'd,
Happy in every thing, but Liberty:
Where yet the Marks of *DRAKE* and *CANDISH* laſt,
The ſcourges of the *Spaniſh* Pride.
I ſaw where the Vaſt *Carrack* once did ride,
Enrich'd with all the *Indian* Store,
Which Noble *CANDISH* by his Valour bore;
And round the World in Triumph drew:
While trembling *Spain* lay gaſping at the View.

X.

Hence thrô the Spacious Main,
The way, that our Great *Hero* went,
Along his ſhining Tract I ran
To every *Indian* Iſle and Continent.
The Seas, that do embrace the *PHILIPPINES*,
Which Nature ſcattering o'r the Ocean throws:
That, which around *MALDIVA* ſhines,
Where the Sea-*Coco* under water grows,
And a Medicinal Juice for Poyſon ſhows.
The Sea, that the *MOLUCCO* Iſles confines,
Whoſe Fragrant Cloves the World do Store,
And th' Ocean do perfume, when out of ſight of Shore.
Thoſe, who their Parents, when they'r old, do eat,
Thoſe, who the Fig-tree make their Meat,
Thoſe, who from *Coco*-leaves their cloaths do get.

Lands,

Lands, that ſuch Monſtrous *Crabs* do breed,
That Men their Dangerous Neighbourhood do dread;
For what they graſp, they kill.
Thoſe, who ſuch Giant *Tortoyſes* do find,
Ten Men their hollow Cavity can't fill,
But have at once within them din'd.
Thro all that Sea, that's thick with Iſlands ſown,
And's Nature's Harveſt when well grown,
My Vigorous Courſe did go------
From the Contemned Iſlands of the Main,
Which no diſtinctive Names do know,
To * *Sumatra*, the ancient *Taprobane*.

* So Mercator &c. But others make Zeilan, as Barrius and Varerius.

XI.

Nor did that Coaſt eſcape my View,
Whoſe Riches and unbounded Stores
From forreign Climes and diſtant Shores
So many Lovers drew:
The *Indian* Sea, where all the World doth greet,
The Center where from every part they meet:
The Sea, that ne'r doth reſt,
Whom Tydes and Tempeſts break, but moſt the plowing Keels moleſt:
The Shores, where Wives with their Dead Husbands burn,
And mix their Loving Aſhes in one Urn.
Where Servants with their Maſters die,
That in the other world they may not unattended be.
Where *Pythagoreans* do all Fleſh forbear,
And whatſoe'r hath Life do ſpare:
That Lawn before their Faces wear,
Leſt their unwary breath,
Should give a Fly or Inſect Death.

XII.

Where *Brachman's* with a Stoical Pride
Do the extremity of Heat and Cold abide.

The

The Shore, where *Ganges* is ador'd,
And is with Pilgrims from all Quarters ſtor'd,
Who in his Waves do hope to waſh their Sins away:
Where they to Monſtrous *Pagods* pray,
Whoſe Dreadfull Looks do the Adorers ſcare,
And only can be worſhipped for fear.
Where Hoſpitals for Birds and Beaſts they build,
And buy their Lives off, when they'r to be kill'd.
The Barbarous Shore,
Where what they firſt at Morning meet, they all the Day a-dore.
Or what the reſt in Folly doth excell,
Where they the *APES* Tooth worſhip, *PERIMAL*.
The Sea of *Bengala* inſlav'd to Luſt:
Or th' black-Mouth'd beardleſs *PEGUAN*:
Or where the KING can't his own Iſſue truſt,
But's Siſters Son doth after Reign.

XIII.

Nor could I miſs *Cape Comori*,
Where Mounts of Fruitfull Shell-fiſh ly,
That *Orient* Pearls do in their womb contain.
Where the bold *Indian* Jumps into the Main,
Doth down unto the Shining Bottom Dive,
That needs no Light, but what the Pearls do give.
That up a precious Load doth bear;
Unto the Sun and Air
The rugged *Oyſters* doth expoſe,
Whoſe Heat the Treaſures do diſcloſe.
While *SHARKS* and *HAVENS* wait
To bring the Wretch his Fate;
And with a Dire Revenge, repay
Th' Invaſion of their Element, the Sea.
Pearls the too Coſtly Price of Blood!
That neither Clothing can beſtow nor Food;

That

That one ſingle Life can't buy,
Made not for Nature's wants, but Luxury.

XIV.

Nor did I the *Arabian* Gulph omit,
Where the *Impoſtor* doth in Triumph ſit.
Nor yet that Sea, whoſe red Diſcolour'd Stream
To endleſs Diſputation gives a Theam:
Which the *Jews* wondrous Paſſage tells,
And yet retains the Marks of *Pharaoh*'s Chariot-wheels.
But in the Tract, that *Solomon*'s Ships did paſs
My Courſe to *Sophola* did hold,
By Wiſe-Men thought th' *OPHIR* of old,
And yet Renown'd for Gold.
Whoſe Mines even Admiration do ſurpaſs:
Whoſe Buildings yet do Ancient Greatneſs bear,
Engrav'd with many an Antique Character.

XV.

Nor did I fear the Dreadfull *CAPE* to paſs,
Of the known World the Fartheſt Part:
Where Storms and Thunder do make Nature ſtart.
Where th' Elements do know no Peace,
Where Feuds and Quarrels never ceaſe;
Whoſe Threatning Mountains have defy'd the Main,
That hath for many Ages beat in Vain
Thoſe Adamantine Rocks, that yet its fury do reſtrain.
Twice I cut the Burning Line,
Where Perpendicular Rays do from the *Zenith* ſhine.
I ſwiftly paſs'd th' Unnatural Shore;
Where Parents do their Children ſell,
And Children cruelly do with their Parents deal.
Where *Niger's* Streams the Parched Fields reſtore,
And ſpight of the Sun's dazling Light
On every Face writes Night.

Nor

Nor did my Courſe the Wondrous Iſles forgo,
Where Weeping Trees bedew the Thirſty Plain,
And with their Fruitfull Drops ſupply the Place of Rain,
And *Phaethon's* Siſters in their Tears outdo.
And what no leſs a Wonder may appear,
Where Trees do Cluſtring Heaps of *Oyſters* bear.
To all the Scatter'd Iſles my Courſe I Steer,
Where groaning *Atlas* ſinks beneath his Weight;
All the Rude Coaſts to the *Herculean* ſtraight.

XVI.

Enterd; The Barbarous *Africk* Shore I ſpy'd,
Where once *Rome's* Emulous Foe with Haughty Pride
Lifted her Creſt on high:
Her very Ruines ruined
I could not without Indignation ſee,
That once ſtood Candidate the Univerſe to Guide.
Nor could I unſaluted *MALTA* paſs,
Where Valour doth Triumphant ſit,
And Rears on High the *Chriſtian* Name:
Once a Contemned Deſpicable Place,
Whoſe Barren Rocks, but for Sea-Monſters fit,
With Man could ſcarcely Friendſhip claim.
So Time and Change is over all things ſpread;
And that, which once liv'd High in Fame, lies Dead,
And what lay low in Duſt, exalts a Glorious Head.

XVII.

Malta, thou now art Darling Child of Fame;
Yet this unto thy Worth thou doſt not owe;
From thy Brave Valiant Sons thy Fame doth grow.
Regions and Cities are but Senſeleſs things,
Nor of themſelves Renown acquire;
The dull Groſs Matter wants an Actuating Fire:
And when they do to Noble Acts aſpire,

They owe the Motion to Great Captains, and to Valiant Kings.
'Twas not the Buildings made *Rome* Great,
Nor was't the *Capitol* the World obey'd:
Scipio and *Cæsar* did Her Fame create,
And Her *Commanders* Her to Grandeur led;
Their Conduct and the Souldiers Valour did erect Her State.

XVIII.

Greece yet remains; the Soil's the same,
In every Thing but *Men* and *Fame*;
The Ground, whereon She did her Cities raise,
With weeping Eyes yet Travellers do trace;
But oh! A Fatal Change from what it was.
Fruitfulness yet upon Her Bosom's spread,
And Plenty on Her Face doth smile:
But yet the *Quinteſſence* is fled;
The Change is in the *Men* and not the *Soil*.
The Men *Greece* Learned made,
They Her Repute for Valour rais'd:
They were the Souls, and when they fled,
The Carcasses Deformed lay and Dead:
Now *Cowardise* and *Ignorance* the Region hath debas'd.

XIX.

Nor know we Blessed Isle, but Thou
And *Venice*, which from small beginnings sprung,
As former Times did not your Glory know,
Which now's in Acts of Valiant Heroes sung.
When your Great Souls (as they) must once ly Dead
(The General Lot that haps to all;
If others rise not in their stead;)
In Fame, which is not to your Seats confin'd,
But's the Reflection of a Gallant Mind;
You may from your Exalted Stations fall:
And other Seats, that yet no Worth do show,

By

By Fate's unſeen Decree
May lift their low and obſcure Heads on high;
And from one HERO may Immortal grow:
As to *Epaminondas Thebes* her Name did ow.

XX.

I ſaw *Nile's* troubled Stream,
For Learned *Pens* a laſting Theme,
That doth bleſs'd Fruitfulneſs beſtow.
And the once Famous Road,
Where *Cæſar's* Navy ſtood;
When *Ægypt* did beneath his Scepter bow:
Where *Tyre* once did with Pride and Riches ſwell;
Now deſolate and Forlorn:
The Fam'd *SIGÆUM* Promontory, where
Homer's Immortal *Heroes* buried were.
Nor did I miſs the Bay,
Where once the *Græcian* Navy lay,
Whom *HECTOR's* Flames did burn.
With mixed Scorn and Anger I beheld
SCAMANDER's celebrated Stream,
So oft with *Greek* and *Trojan* Bodies fill'd;
Whoſe rapid Floods whole Armies bore away
Into the Neighbouring Sea:
(If We, what ancient *Bards* relate, eſteem)
Now a contemned deſpicable *Rill*,
Whom *Winter's* Rains do fill;
But *Summer* Heats doth of its Force bereave:
And thence doth Ground for our Suſpition give,
That all the *Celebrated Tale* was but a *Poet's* Dream.

XXI.

I view'd the Ports in *Hiſtory* Renown'd;
The States by laviſh *Poets* crown'd,
That did in Arts or Arms abound:

Once the World's Pride and now its Shame,
Which are in their dark Ruines ſought in vain,
That even their very Shadows don't remain,
Mortal in(what they priz'd ev'n their Immortal Name.
Greece, that none Learn'd or Civil would allow,
To all the World is a *Barbarian* now.
The Seas, which once her numerous Ships did plow,
The *Sporades* i'th' the Ocean laid,
The Iſles, that did to higheſt Splendour grow,
Now either Uninhabited,
Or elſe with Barbariſm do lie o'reſpread:
That even *Geographers* can ſcarce make good,
Where Learned *Athens*, or Voluptuous *Corinth* ſtood.

XXII.

From theſe ſad Objects I was call'd away
By a *Vulcano*, that aroſe
In an unfathomable Sea:
Or that the dreadfull Place of Puniſhment
Had there a Vent,
And did its furious Flames diſcloſe:
Or that the *Subterranean* Heat
Had worn the Bounds ſo thin,
Had with ſuch Force againſt the Barriers beat;
They could not keep their eating Priſoners in:
Or that a ſulphurous Mine took fire
And up unto the Stars the Seas did blow:
Or that ſome daring Engineer below
With his bold Art did up to Heaven aſpire.

XXIII.

A ſudden Fire from the Sea's Bottom broak:
The wreſtling Elements the whole World ſhook.
Phœbus and *Neptune* ne're before
Did Martial up in Troops their Emulous Power:

But

Put in his Orb with Quiet bleſt
Each of his Realms the Rule poſſeſt.
The Government o'th' Sea the *Moon*
By ancient Right did own;
But, Lofty *Phœbus*, ne're before
Was *Tethys* thus ſubjected to thy Power;
Nor, except under thine Ambitious Son,
Suffer'd till now a Conflagration.
Water once rul'd the World: and once in Fire
Her old decaying Fabrick muſt expire.
When two ſuch Potent Foes do diſagree
How Dreadfull and Amazing muſt the Battel be?

XXIV.

A wide-ſtretch'd Mouth did vomit Thunder out,
Mountainous Stones from thence did fly,
As thô intended to Bombard the Sky.
In vain the Sea to quench the Furnace try'd,
Her Realm of Waves to get the Victory brought:
The Oiley Streams new *Pabulum* ſupply'd,
And ſulphurous Mines within did warlike Store provide.
Untill at laſt, when nought could part the Foes,
But Heaven and Earth ſeem'd at a loſs;
They of Themſelves, weary of ill-ſpent Store,
Did let the undecided Battle fall:
Reſign'd again the Claim to' each other's Power,
And Peace in Triumph did o're Earth and Sea inſtall.

XXV.

Thrô all the *TYRRHEN* and the *ADRIAN* Sea
I cut my untrackt Way:
And ſaw the Wrecks in their unrifled Bed,
By *Carthaginian* Ships or *Roman* made:
And could th' Antiquities, that there are laid,
By Art be thence convey'd,
How would they pleaſe the Curious Eye?
The Rarities what Sums could buy?

XXVI.

Not *Hercules* Pillars could my Courſe confine,
I thrô the boundleſs *Ocean* ſteer'd,
And neither Storms nor Tempeſts fear'd:
The Marks of *Roman* Greatneſs view'd,
That all the *Northern* Continent ſubdu'd,
That did eternal Honour win:
Saw, where Great *Cæſar* firſt did truſt the Sea,
When he deſign'd on *Brittany*;
And where his threatning Ships did ſtay.
The Noted *DOWNES*, the Seat of War,
That doth ſo oft engaging Navies bear:
Whoſe Bottom is an Armory,
That might an Iron Age ſupply;
Where Valiant *TRUMP* and *OPDAM* lie,
Whoſe gallant Acts a juſt Repute did gain:
In this ally'd to Immortality,
They were by Valiant *Engliſh* Heroes ſlain.
Happy; if other Foes they'd met i'th' watry Field!
Their *Genii* onely could to Nobler *Brittains* yield.

XXVII.

Nor could I, Noble *SANDWICH*, paſs thy Fall,
For Evil Times too Brave a General!
Rumour (and who's from Malice free)
With pois'nous Lies had blaſted Thee,
'Tis true thy Honour was above their Hate,
But Fame, that's priz'd by th' Generous and Great,
Unjuſtly Tax'd, fill'd thy Great Soul with Grief:
Nor could thy Prince's Kindneſs bring Relief.
No more, Proud *Dutch*, in your fam'd Victory pride;
He to his Countrymen his Ruine owes:
Who not by Valour, but by Treachery dy'd,
And not by *Dutch*, but by his *Engliſh*, Foes.

XXVIII. So

XXVIII.

So, my Wide Wiſhes ſatisfi'd,
Nothing unto my Daring Soul deny'd
Of all in which the Sea doth pride,
Neptune his Order did revoke,
The Charms, which made the Transformation, broke;
And Me my *Fiſhy Shape* forſook.
Bigg with deſired Knowledge I regain,
The Nobler Form of Man:
And by the Sea-Gods Care,
From the dark Bottom, whence but Few return,
On *TRITONS* Backs I'm kindly born,
And with a Vigorous Warmth deſire the upper Realms of Air.

The End.